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THE PRE-RAFFAELLITES.

As labourers in the vineyard of civilisation, of which the Fine Arts form so conspicuous a portion, it becomes our duty to endeavour to weed and root up every thing detrimental to their growth and their extension, upon those principles which have been handed down to us in the great works of each succeeding age, from Giotto to Raffaelle and Michael Angelo in design, and from Correggio and Titian in colour. If we cannot extend what has already been achieved by the great geniuses in painting, it is ridiculous to throw the art back to its infancy, and to its early gropings in darkness and uncertainty. We are led into these remarks by observing the attempts of a few young men who style themselves the Pre-Raffaellite school, but more properly might be called the Gothic school, or that style which might be engendered by the contemplation of monumental brasses or ancient stained glass windows, where the objects are flat, and inlaid, and coloured without any reference to harmony or chiaro-oscuro. This new sect pretends that as all the great colourists from Titian to our own Reynolds have lost much of their outline of objects in softness and shadow, it is necessary to return to the study of the early frescoes to recover the higher principles of design, which have become deteriorated by this mode of treatment: aerial perspective is in consequence set at nought; nor is linear perspective much better served, but is cast overboard like another Jonah.

To attempt to criticise such works seems trifling with time, but when we see this junto held up to notice and favourable observation, by such men as the Under-graduate of Oxford, it becomes our duty to enter into the *mêlée*. The curious may see the germs of this school in a work published some years ago by Longmans, and since reprinted, (Du Sommirard's *Moyen Age*;) but we must consider the German artists as the great revivers of this style, particularly in their frescoes at Munich. Who has the merit of being the founder in England we are not certain, but we believe Rosetti, and, after him, Millais, Browne, Hunt, and Collins. These are the artists who may be expected to "found a school in England, such as the world has not seen for three hundred years; provided," says Mr. Ruskin, "they are not driven from their purpose by harsh and severe criticism." If they are sincere, no severity of observation can alter their purpose; on the contrary, it will confirm them in their habits and creed, as we find it has done in all ages.

Let us first speak of the sentiment of their pictures, so talked of by their admirers. Sentiment, both in writing and painting, must be pure and untainted by affectation: perhaps there is no line so difficult to draw,—it trembles between mawkishness and sublimity. Shakespeare is the great master to whose works we must look for examples; unadulterated as they are by any attempt at ostentation or anxiety; for instance, we might refer to his few lines commencing thus—

> "She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
> And with a green and yellow melancholy,
> She sat like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at Grief."

No painting can surpass, or even come up with, such a combination of touching imagery; on the other hand, when sentiment is evidently adorned, it loses its charm. Sterne, who is a great master of this quality, is nevertheless faulty, from its being too evident and strained; we might mention two instances, the one in his Sentimental Journey, where the poor man has lost his ass, and having the dead animal's bridle with him, he lays a piece of bread on the bit at the time he is taking his own dinner at the inn-door; the other is a well-known one in his "Tristam Shandy," where my uncle Toby utters an oath, in the fervour of his exclamation, respecting Le Fevre,—"the recording angel, as he wrote it down, let fall a tear which blotted it out for ever." These are very pretty, as Christopher North would say, but are too much as if they were written within the sound of Bow Bell; so in painting, sentiment must not only be natural and unaffected, but not too palpable. An example occurs to our recollection, in one of Raffaelle's designs of the "Plague," (of which there is a print by Mark Antonio,)—a child is creeping to suck the nipple of its mother who has fallen dead, while the father is stooping over the corpse, with his hand on his face to guard against the infection, while pushing the infant away. This incident, from its being copied in a variety of ways by succeeding artists, is a proof of its truth and beauty. The sentiment enunciated in the two pictures of "Peace" and "War" from which two engravings have been just published, are examples where incidents are chosen to embellish and strengthen the subject: in "War" we have its horrors carried into the peaceful cottage, and while the horse and his rider are destroyed in all their strength, and an explosion has laid in ruins the shattered building, we perceive a small rose standing uncut and unscathed in the midst of the havoc. In the "Peace," which is laid in the centre of a fortress, we have the guns dismantled and scattered on the ground, while the scene is occupied by children, and sheep, and goats tending their young; the sentiment of tranquillity is conveyed by two lambs lying by the instruments of destruction and peacefully eating the few blades of grass out of the dismounted cannon's mouth. The sentiment of Raffaelle is sublime, that of Landseer barely escapes from the appellation of pretty.

In the treatment of a subject much is gained by an unostentation of arrangement either in the composition or chiaro-oscuro; the early masters had this quality, for in fact they knew no better, and time has laid his hallowing hand on their works. This dryness and primitive look of simplicity has been imitated by the modern Germans, in whose wake our young friends the Pre-Raffaellites are gliding. Indeed, Raffaelle himself is pressed into the service, and those pictures he painted while with his master Perugino are termed his religious pieces, in contradistinction to his later works, when he had extricated himself from the trammels of severe Gothicism: regularity in the composition, as one of the great sources of grandeur, may be preserved through all the captivating adjuncts of harmonious colouring and chiaro-oscuro. In fact, if Millais had chosen Correggio for his guide (if he must have one), we are persuaded the result would have been more successful. "Two young Females caressing a Dove" requires not the severity of John Van Eyck or Albert Durer; neither does the absence of beauty in the countenance add to the sentiment. At the period of Noah the Scripture says: "The daughters of men were fair," and the character may be cast back to the most primitive era without giving a look of familiar individuality. From John Van Eyck to Rubens there are many intermediate stations; but if conventionality is what the Pre-Raffaellites seek to avoid, why not go back to times antecedent, where the human figure is represented as if copied from models found drowned, or starved to death?

In criticising pictures of this class, it seems impossible to get a starting-point; they defy rules, or any affinity to the progress of painting. If we ask "where is your story?"—they may say with the knife-grinder, "God bless you, sir, I have no story to tell." If we say, "where is your principal light?"—they answer, "we don't intend to have a principal light." If we say, "it is considered, when a strong colour is present in a picture, it is indispensable that it should be repeated at least twice in a lesser degree, otherwise it becomes a spot or blot,"—"that is conventional art," is the reply, "which it is our principle to reject." Our only chance, therefore, is to meet them on their own ground; that is, *nature*, unsophisticated by rules. Where, we inquire, is that to be found in their works?—do we find beauty or sentiment in the countenance of the "Woodcutter's Daughter?"—do we find it in the "Two Children of Noah?"—or even in the personification of the "Nun?" Look even at the treatment of the hands, and if the painting of flesh be considered the great criterion of a work of excellence, what have they to show to Mr. Ruskin that would lead him to suppose "they are destined to lay the foundation of a school in England which the world has not seen for three hundred years?" We can only say we hope and trust that it will be three hundred years before the prophecy is fulfilled. If they succeed in gaining the patronage of the country, all the other artists must add more harshness and brightness to their pictures. At present they look feeble and appalled in their presence; but we believe the patronage they are now receiving arises out of the novelty of the matter, and may go down as quickly as it has arisen; whereas good drawing, and good colouring, will live for ever.

This, however, must be considered as a digression: we will, therefore, return to our critical remarks, *seriatim*. Sentiment, in a picture, it has been observed, often springs from a very small incident; and if we concede to the sentiment of the "Daughters of Noah caressing the Dove on its return to the Ark," we must also allow the idea engendered by "The Nun" of Mr. Collins contemplating the passion-flower, which contains figures of the cross, and nails used at the crucifixion, also the imitation of the glory encircling the whole, and which, in fact, obtained for it in early times the name which the flower still retains; but the expression of the countenance and action of the figure must accord, and explain to the spectator the incident which gives rise to it. The earlier masters seldom introduced a variety of action or diversity of natural expression to embellish their story; hence their simplicity: but when their ideas were afterwards extended by the great genius of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, many incidents were introduced both to embellish and illustrate the story. This gave rise to composition and combination of the several parts of the picture; simplicity, therefore, in the first instance, was a species of baldness arising out of the infancy of the art: but in our day, when the knowledge of painting is diffused over Europe, it becomes an affectation, unless adorned by those advantages placed within our reach by the great geniuses of succeeding ages. If we cannot extend the art by following the examples of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, we can only make the ignorant wonder by our falling back on the works of Signorelli and Masaccio. Nature is inexhaustible, but we are more likely to be original and effective by studying the works of the great perfecters of the art, than in trusting to our own uninitiated conceptions. Composition is a necessary combination of the figures for the purpose of telling the story, and it is also requisite that it should be so arranged for the purpose of taking in masses of light and shade, as to give repose and action to the several groups, to strengthen the whole, and prevent confusion to the eye; likewise to prepare for the distribution of warm and cold colours. If all these qualities are to be cast aside, it may then be dispensed with as unnecessary, but the work will in consequence be defective to any one endowed with the smallest particle of taste. Whether pictures in the Pre-Raffaellite school of Art can ever be arranged so as to present a mass of shade or of light is a question, for the early masters on which these compositions are founded were ignorant of both. But we know

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that Paul Veronese, one of the brightest and most ornamental of the Venetians, considered a quantity of shadow indispensable; for, when asked upon what authority he threw a portion of one of his pictures into shade, he replied, "A cloud is passing." If, however, these renovators of this style are determined to preserve a continuity of cutting outline, undisturbed, as a *sine qud non*, it is needless to attempt to reason on the matter. But with such resolutions they never can advance, and their last pictures will be similar to their first; no portion gives way to another, but, like Milton's description of Pandemonium, each ingredient strives for mastery. In writing, we generally put a stroke of the pen under those words we wish to draw the attention to as being the most important, but what would that avail if a line were drawn under every word? Reynolds remarks upon Algarotti's criticism of Titian's picture of the "Peter Martyr," that the plants and flowers in the foreground are so finished, that a botanist might lecture from them; "which," says the author of the Discourses, "is detrimental to the fame of Titian, who always keeps his high finish for the principal parts of his picture." Now the P.-R. School reverses Reynolds's doctrine; for the subordinate parts, or what ought to be subordinate, are more highly finished and more like nature than the principal portions; witness the flowers and leaves in "The Woodcutter's Daughter," the flowers in the picture of "The Nun," and the hay in the picture of "The Dove's return to the Ark," to which Mr. Ruskin draws the spectator's attention. One would have thought that the heads and hands ought to take precedence: but no; it seems that is a false doctrine, and must be consigned to the tomb of the Capulets!

Having said a few words upon composition and chiaro-oscuro, we will now proceed to make a few remarks on colour. On the revival of the art in Italy, the colours were not only less broken, compared with those in the works at a later period, but they were likewise less skilfully arranged; in fact, harmonious disposition was unknown. Hence we find in the early pictures and in the illuminated missals, no signs of either classification or subordination; on the contrary, blue, red, yellow, and green struggle for superiority; their works therefore present the appearance of a coloured map, each portion divided from the other by a boundary line. In process of time, colours were used on the figures symbolically, and also with greater variety in their strengths, arising from the folds and shading of the draperies. The Chinese up to the present time pursue the same process; nor are they likely to alter or improve, unless they become educated by examples. Even if we go back to the Greek sculpture and painting, we see the same effect; and what painting has gained since is by the help of linear and aerial perspective, which have separated them, and made them independent arts. As these qualities are not so necessary in sculpture, it is a question whether sculpture has advanced in the same ratio, or whether it has made any advance. The late Sir David Wilkie, in one of his letters from Naples, writes, "The painting and sculpture dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii interested us greatly. The sculpture was not so new to me as the pictures were, which, although common ornamental decorations only for the walls of rooms, are highly curious, as the only remains left of what the ancients did in the art of painting. It is from these only that we can judge of what Apelles and Zeuxis may have done, and it is from these that we may gather what these celebrated painters could *not* do. This has suggested a theory which has staggered some of my friends; but to ascertain it four of us went to Portici the day before I left Naples, that I might explain better what I meant. We found reason to agree in this—that if Greek sculpture remains paramount yet, that Greek painting as an art has been decidedly *improved upon* by the ingenuity of modern times." We are strengthened in these observations by a similar remark of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who examined the copies made for Sir W. Hamilton. Without going through the various changes and improvements at the restoration of the Art, we must stop at Correggio to make some remarks—to Correggio we are indebted for all that is now practised by modern painters. "Fulness seems generally the great power of Correggio, making other works look flat beside his—to him we are indebted for the marshalling of the colours, the deep-toned glazings and shadows." Wilkie, speaking of the St. Jerome at Parma, says—"This for force, richness, beauty, and expression, makes everything give way. Hundreds of copies have been made, but all poor compared with the fearless glazings, the impasted bituminous shadows, of this picture. Yet who that could paint like this would venture to exhibit at Somerset House?" We reply that Reynolds did, and laid a foundation for a school in England that has made us the greatest colourists in Europe at the present time, and will continue to exist unless Mr. Ruskin and his friends the P.-R.s upset it. We may say that Turner has given a modifying quality to the bituminous shadows Wilkie speaks of; but no artist knows better the value of warm colour in the shadows, and cool and pearly tones in the lights, than our great colourist.

From Correggio we naturally extend our views to Titian, as the great perfector of colour. Bellini, and Giorgione were his precursors, but to Titian we are indebted for many of the highest requisites in painting; to him Spain owes the excellence of Velasquez, and the great colourists in Madrid and Seville; and to Titian England is indebted for the excellencies in the works of Reynolds and his successors. Whether Rembrandt or Adrian Ostade ever saw his works in the Low Countries is not recorded, but they are followers in that high class of colourists. Wilkie, in his journal at Venice, notices this similarity:—"See the Pietro Martiro. This appeared when at Paris, for grandeur, poetical feeling, and for deep-toned colour, without doubt a master-work of Art. Here the only white or light is yellow; the chief half tint of a deep greenish-blue, and the darks of the picture of deep olive-green and brown,—have often seen such a combination in Ostade. The impression produced is of awe and terror." And again, speaking of the Pesaro family, by Titian, in the Frari, he says, "This is a first-rate work; seems in colour an assemblage of the finest qualities of all the great colourists, and on the highest scale of tone; reminding one by turns of the richest specimens of Ostade, of Reynolds, and Rembrandt." At the time fresco painting was proposed to our artists for the purpose of decorating the houses of Parliament, many considered that the style would interfere with the high state of perfection English art still retains in colour; and it yet remains to be proved that it will not do so, for though the frescoes of Titian are equally rich in tone with his oil pictures, the frescoes done in Munich and in Paris, and even those few executed in London, have no pretensions to deep-toned brightness.

Although these Pre-Raffaellite brethren have not hitherto done much in the way of expression, yet it is evident they fancy they have, or at least mean to strive at accomplishing it: in a letter written by Wilkie from Rome, as far back as 1826, he explains what was the mode the originators of this school proposed in acquiring it. He says, "In modern art, Rome is the school for other countries, though opposite styles are here to be found suited to each. In painting, the Italians and French are alike followers of David; the English students (excepting Lane) are chiefly occupied with subjects of Roman costume; while the Germans, for a devotedness, *more like a sect than a school*, have attracted much attention by their novel experiment of copying the masters and precursors of Raffaelle (not Raffaelle himself), in hopes that by passing over the same course they will arrive at Raffaelle's excellence. Their names are, Schnorr, Figüt, Schadow, and Overbeck: Schnorr takes the lead, has married a Catholic, and changed his religion to feel more devotedly the Scriptural subjects of his art." We shall not be surprised if some of the present sect follow the same example, notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin says he has had letters disavowing their inclining to Puseyism. To acquire a knowledge of expression by studying from works devoid of it, seems a crab-like crotchet. On the revival of art in Italy, Giotto and his followers were imbued with the remains of Greek painting found about Florence and Rome, which are invariably the extension of Greek sculpture to pictures, more perfect in form compared with the early German restorers of painting: these latter are equally devoid of expression, but have less refinement in their heads, figures, and the costume, being severe copies of the living models of their countrymen; and hence more Gothic, less ideal in the heads, and less elegant in their attitudes. Even at the time of Albert Durer, who possessed the designs of Raffaelle, in the prints of Marc Antonio, the dry German style poisoned all their productions: nor was art entirely emancipated till the genius of Rubens gave to his figures action and expression, and the living appearance of flesh. In accomplishing this great advance, however, he went into the opposite extreme, and extended the outline beyond the boundary handed down to us in the finest specimens of Greek sculpture. Painting may, and often does, require a greater breadth than sculpture, to enable the artist to give it rotundity, by the application of light and shade; but Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, and even Leonardo da Vinci, seem to have been governed by the symmetrical works of Greece. The Venetian colourists appear to have been influenced by the same principles which guided the Flemish school, and the works of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto are often devoid of sentiment and expression; even those of Titian made Michael Angelo remark with regret that the Venetians had not in their youth learnt a better style in design: this observation induced the Carracci to combine the two, writing over their painting-room door, "The design of Michael Angelo, with the colouring of Titian." As one of the best examples of this combination, we refer to the "Dead Christ," by Annibal Carracci, in Castle Howard (at present in the British Institution). It has been remarked that the eye is the great seat of expression, and the outlet to the inward thoughts. In sculpture this, however, is impossible, and therefore the Greeks depended upon the mouth, which is generally opened in contradistinction to the Egyptian practice, from whom their art descended. This intensity of expression, and sentiment may be traced in the persevering attempts of the restorers of painting down to P. Perugino, but carried out to complete perfection by Raffaelle, who not only employs the eye, but the character of the mouth, especially in violent or agonising subjects: this feature, in the hands of his pupil Julio Romano, became distorted, and carried out to the greatest extreme. As we have remarked upon the difficulty of treating sentiment, so we may notice the great caution to be used respecting action and expression.

J. B.

THE VERNON GALLERY.

A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

S. Hart, R.A., Painter. E. Challis, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 2 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 1½ in.

THE rites and ceremonies practised by the Hebrews in their religious observances, find a faithful and able illustrator in the pencil of Mr. Hart; he is, we believe, one of that ancient people, whose history, through all ages of the world, is of surpassing interest, and who to this day stand forth a separate and distinct generation from all others, in whatever part of the civilised earth their habitation is fixed.

It is evident the synagogue here represented is not English, at least the figures introduced into it by the painter are not so; we should rather think it had been sketched in Spain or Portugal, from the costumes worn by the majority of the congregation. The exact locality is, however, of little importance, the artist's object being to make an attractive picture from any materials within his reach, so far as he could do it without a sacrifice of truth. To effect this, he has habited his figures richly, and placed them in picturesque groups, skilfully balanced, the High Priest and his attendants occupying a prominent position in the centre, and being forcibly lighted up in a manner not unworthy of Rembrandt. The work was painted in 1830; its tone has lost a little of its early brilliancy, but has gained in richness and in harmony of colour.

S. HART, R.A. PAINTER.

E. CHALLIS, ENGRAVER.

A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE VERNON GALLERY.

SIZE OF THE PICTURE,
2 FT. 6 IN. BY 2 FT. 1½ IN.

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THE PRESENT STATE OF THE MONUMENTS OF GREECE.*

The Temple of Victory without wings, mentioned in the preceding paper, is, with the exception of the pavement, entirely a restoration; for nearly two centuries all trace of it was lost, all mention omitted. In removing one of the Turkish batteries, in order to clear the entrance to the Propylea, some fragments were found which led to a more minute investigation; and, after a short time, the foundation, the pavement, and even the bases of some of the columns were disinterred, making its re-construction not only very easy, but extremely satisfactory. It is small, but of exquisite proportions, and now perfect, with the exception of a portion of the frieze, which is in the British Museum. A peculiarity of this temple is that it stands at an angle, slightly differing from that of the Propylea itself,—a fact for which, as it clearly formed one of the chief ornaments to, and was certainly built

after, this noble portico, it is difficult to assign any very good reason. Descending the Acropolis, the eye is at once arrested by the magnificent remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and by the Arch of Hadrian. Whether from its proximity to the gorgeous monument first-named, or that it is intrinsically deficient in that species of merit which appeals directly to the senses, I

do not know, but certain it is that this memorial of the munificent Hadrian attracts comparatively little notice from the general traveller. It is, however, in many respects, a highly interesting monument, (ruin it can scarcely be called), bearing evidences unmistakeable of the decline of Art, yet, nevertheless, distinguished by much of

that quality of beauty which gives so peculiar a character to the architecture of the Greeks

The inscriptions upon either side of the entablature have given rise to much learned dis-

* Continued from page 132.

cussion, and have led to a far more lucid arrangement of the city and its chief ornaments than would in all probability have been accomplished, had not inquiry and investigation been spurred on by the difficulty of comprehending their exact meaning. One is struck, immediately, by the marvellous preservation of a building so comparatively slight, and in the immediate vicinity of edifices which, immeasurably more vast, have suffered so terribly. Various causes have been assigned for this, none so satisfactory as the most simple,—that which declares it to have been imbedded in and to have formed part of the walls of a Greek church, since removed. Of my two views I have chosen that in which the Acropolis is seen in the distance; the lofty columns in the other drawing are diminished, as it were, to the scale of the arch, while the Acropolis, from its greater complexity of parts, adds, perhaps, something of a quality in which, to my feeling, the subject is rather wanting. I am not sure that the remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympus are not the most impressive which Athens offers to the eye and heart of the traveller; a fact, if such it be, resulting partly from their abstract grandeur; a grandeur derived from every element which could contribute to such an end, and partly from a position than which it would be impossible to conceive anything more magnificent. The gigantic columns struck me with a sense of awe and bewilderment, almost oppressive; they consist, as may be seen by the engraving of sixteen, the sole representatives of the one hundred and twenty which once formed this mightiest of Athenian temples. The least thoughtful person could scarcely avoid the question of where and how the remaining one hundred and four of these enormous masses can have vanished; and assisted by the fullest information which is to be acquired upon the subject, it remains a matter of wonderment to all. That time itself has had but little to answer for, the almost perfect preservation of portions is sufficient to prove; in some cases the flutings are as sharp and clean as when they left the hand of the sculptor, while, more generally, they bear disgraceful evidence of ill-usage of every kind, from the cannon ball to the petty mischief of wanton idleness. The proportion of these columns is quite perfect, and the mind is lost in charmed wonder, as wandering from part to part of the enormous platform, it is presented at every step with combinations perpetually changing, yet always beautiful. So difficult do I find it to determine from what point of view these ruins are seen to the greatest advantage, that I have appended two engravings, from which the reader may select that which best conveys to him the magnificence of the structure which has been thus slightly described.

Of the Ionic Temple upon the Ilissus not one stone remains upon another, and the vestiges of other temples which existed, alas! within a single century, have vanished quite. A proof of the varied character of the Athenian architectural intellect may be found in the exquisite model, the lanthorn of Demosthenes, or as it is more properly called, the Choragic monument of Lysicrates. It is, in common with the greater number of the remains of which we speak, of Pentelic marble. By whomsoever conceived, designed, or executed, this must have been a labour of love, and the result is such as might be anticipated from the consequent development of the highest powers of one to whom a people like the Athenians would entrust the task of doing honour to those who had paid to their native land a similar tribute. It is small, and formed of a few immense masses: the roof is one entire block; the temple or monument itself is circular, and is formed of six slabs of pure white marble, the joints of which are concealed by an equal number of beautiful Corinthian columns, partly imbedded into, and partly projecting from, them. These have been fitted with such exactness, that before the "fretting hand of time and change" had done its work, the whole must have appeared as if cut from one solid mass. Thanks to chance, we have this single example of a class of buildings once so numerous that they formed an entire street; but however grateful one may feel to the hospice, which, being built over, protected it from the ruin of its companions, we can scarcely regret its disappearance, through which alone this exquisite result of intellect and refined taste may be seen as represented in the engraving. The fourth, and last subject of which my space allows me to speak in the present paper, is the Temple or Tower of the Winds; a building which has been very justly termed "the most curious existing monument of the practical gnomonics of antiquity." In point of architectural merit, no very elevated rank can be assigned to this edifice, nor is there, even in its ornamental portions, any very remarkable evidence of the higher order of Grecian Art; the execution, indeed, can in nowise be considered to rise to the level of the conception, which, if somewhat fancifully elaborated, is at least highly to be esteemed, as uniting in a more than ordinary degree the practically useful with the poetical ideal. Situated near the new Agora, and consequently in the heart of the more densely populated division of the city, this indicator of the wind and hour must have been a valuable contribution to the Athenians, and must have given to its founder, Andronicus Cyrrestes, a proud position among the *Bene merenti* of the moment. Its form is octagonal, the roof being of marble, so cut as to represent tiles; upon the upper portion of each face is sculptured the figure of one of the eight Winds; these floating in an almost horizontal position convey, either by their dress, the emblems which they bear, or the expression of their features, the character of the wind they are respectively intended to personify. Within a very recent period this building, which was more than half buried, has been exhumed, and many important facts have been discovered during the process of excavation. The interior has been cleared, and in the pavement may be seen the channels by which the water was conveyed to the machinery by whose agency the hour was indicated, when the absence of the sun rendered the dials described upon the marble faces of the tower of no avail. These dials have been tested and pronounced perfectly correct, by a no less celebrated authority than Delambre. The two arches on the left of the illustration are the only remaining portions of the aqueduct by which the necessary supply was conveyed, according to Stuart, from the spring in the grotto of Pan; it is a matter of congratulation alike to the antiquarian and the lover of the picturesque, that these have been spared. From the amount of excavation necessary to arrive at the basement of this tower, it is quite clear that this portion of the town must have been raised, by ruins and atmospheric deposits, at least eight or nine feet above its original level. What treasures of Art, what exponents of the past, may lie hidden under this accumulation, is a question the solution of which, however interesting, it will not probably be the lot of any now living to behold.*

HENRY COOK.

* To be continued.

ON THE APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE

TO THE FINE AND USEFUL ARTS.

PHOTOGRAPHY—RECENT IMPROVEMENTS.

WITH the advance of this beautiful art there appears to be a progressively increasing desire to produce more artistic results; and numerous manipulatory improvements have recently been introduced, many of them with the most decided advantage. It is thought desirable, therefore, to devote a short space to the description and consideration of such of these as are the most important.

The use of collodion promises to be of exceeding importance. Collodion is a peculiar preparation, formed by dissolving gun-cotton in ether; it is a very mucilaginous solution, of a volatile character, and the ether evaporating, leaves a film of the utmost transparency behind. It is not all kinds of gun-cotton which dissolve equally well in ether; the most easily soluble is prepared by soaking good cotton in a saturated solution of nitrate of potash for some time: it is then, in a moist state, plunged into sulphuric acid, with which but a small quantity of nitric acid has been mixed. After remaining in the acid for about a minute, it is well washed with water, until no trace of an acid taste is discovered, and then dried at a temperature but very slightly elevated above that of the apartment.

Having obtained the collodion, the mode of proceeding best adapted for insuring success appears to be the following:

Iodide of silver is precipitated from a solution of the nitrate of silver by adding iodide of potassium to it, the yellow precipitate being well washed so as to remove every trace of nitrate of potash; it is then dissolved in a saturated solution of the iodide of potassium. This mixture is added in small quantities to the collodion, and the whole well agitated; by this means we obtain a combination of this peculiar substance with iodide of silver and potassium. Mr. Archer, who has devoted considerable attention to this preparation, prepares what he calls a collodo-iodide of silver, whether in the above manner we are not certain. Mr. Archer's preparation is exceedingly sensitive, but the above is believed to be equally so. To use it no other manipulation is necessary than to pour the mixture over a glass plate held upon the hand, moving the glass to and fro, to ensure the complete coating of every part; the fluid is poured off by one of the corners, and the film which adheres to the glass dries almost immediately. This is then washed over with the gallo-nitrate of silver, in the same manner as on the albuminised glass plates, and it is ready for the camera. Where the proportions have been happily hit upon, the result is the production of a picture almost instantaneously. Very fine portraits are obtainable in about ten seconds in diffused light; the image is developed in the same manner as in the calotype process, by the use of the gallo-nitrate of silver, and fixed by means of the hyposulphite of soda.

By the kindness of Mr. Horne we are enabled to add the following mode of operating. Mr. Horne has been so successful an operator with the collodion that we print his communication entire, that no part of his instructions may be lost:—

"The first article is the collodion, and most persons are aware that this is a solution of gun-cotton in ether, but, for the purpose now under consideration, should contain a small quantity of iodide of silver dissolved in excess of iodide of potassium. It should be sufficiently limpid to run freely over a plate when poured on, or ether must be added until this result is obtained. If the collodion is too thick, great difficulty will be experienced in obtaining an even coating; but when of a proper consistence, plates of any size may be readily coated.

"The plan which I have adopted, and with great success, is as follows:—Take a piece of flat glass cut to the size of frame, and, having washed it with water, and wiped the same quite dry, then, either by holding at one corner, or if large, placing it on a levelling-stand, pour on the centre of the plate a good body of liquid, which will readily diffuse itself equally over the surface. Immediately pour the liquid off again into the bottle from one corner; and by bringing the hand holding the plate down a little, that the liquid may run to the lower edge, and drawing the mouth of the bottle along, those lines first formed will run one into the other, and give a flat, even surface. Very little practice will soon enable any operator to obtain this result. The plate is now *immediately*, and before the whole of the ether has had time to evaporate, to be immersed in a bath of nitrate of silver, 30 grains to the ounce, *until the greasy appearance which it first presents on immersion is entirely gone, and the silver solution flows freely over the surface.*

"The plate should now, and in its moist state, be placed in the camera and the picture taken; the time of exposure varying, of course, with the light, but for a portrait, and with a moderately quick lens, from three to thirty seconds will be sufficient. Mr. Fry, who was the first to practise with collodion, has obtained beautiful portraits by placing the sitter in the open air, and simply

removing the cap from the lens, and closing it again as soon as possible.

"The agent for developing these pictures is unquestionably the pyro-gallic acid, as recommended by Mr. Archer; and I am told the proto-nitrate of iron also answers equally well. The solution of pyro-gallic acid should be made as follows:—

Pyro-gallic acid,	3 grains.
Glacial acetic acid,	1 dram.
Distilled water,	1 ounce.

The plate having been placed, face upwards, upon a levelling stand, a sufficient quantity of the above solution should be poured equally and quickly over the surface, and the picture allowed to develop, occasionally slightly moving the plate, to prevent the deposit which will take place settling at one spot. A few drops of a solution of nitrate of silver, five grains to the ounce, may also, in dull weather, be added to the pyro-gallic, with advantage, just before pouring it over the plate; but in very bright weather the picture will develop sufficiently quick with the pyro-gallic acid solution alone.

"The development may be readily judged of by holding a piece of white paper occasionally under the plate; and as soon as sufficient intensity has been obtained, the solution must be poured off, and the plate washed by a gentle stream of water. After this, the surface should be covered with a saturated solution of hypo-sulphite of soda, which will almost immediately remove the iodide. Another stream of water must then again be poured over, to free the plate from hypo-sulphite, and the picture is finished.

"In this state they are more or less negative by transmitted light, and, if not too much brought out, positive by reflected light. But I have found the most beautiful and decided positives may be obtained by the simple addition to pyro-gallic solution of a minute quantity of nitric acid; care being taken not to add too much. I have also obtained purple and green pictures, the former by adding acetate of lead, and the latter with acetate of lime and ordinary gallic acid.

"In the hands of skilful operators, who have time and inclination to follow up this interesting branch of photography, I have little doubt but we shall see some beautiful results. At present it is quite in its infancy; but, notwithstanding this, it has been allowed by those who have seen the portraits which have been taken, that they possess far greater beauty than any hitherto produced."

The resulting negative picture on the glass is not quite so adherent as those formed with albumen; care must therefore be taken to avoid rubbing it off, or the glass plate may be covered with a colourless spirit varnish; by which when dry the photographic image is perfectly fixed. In this process the ether, without doubt, plays a very important part; although the largest portion evaporates readily, on intimate chemical combination of this hydro-carbon with the peculiar substance, gun-cotton, employed. At a very early period of photographic investigation, it was found that both alcohol and ether produced several remarkable effects—in some cases the processes were very much quickened; in others the resulting tone of the darkened paper was of a much deeper and richer colour. Experiments are yet required to determine the operation of these organic compounds; from the action of many of them it would appear that it is to this order of chemical agents that we have now to look for the greatest improvements in photography.

Lactarine and caseine have been both recommended as media for preparing glass surfaces for the photographic processes. These compounds, which are of a very analogous character, are prepared from buttermilk, by the action of acids; it is proposed that they should be used in solution in ammonia. When this is done, the glass being uniformly coated by flooding the solution over it, it must be allowed to stand in a warm place, free from dust, to dry; this occupies some time, but if the process has been carefully attended to, the resulting coating is very uniform and clear. Iodide of potassium, or of ammonia, may be mixed with the caseine solution, before it is applied; the other parts of the process being precisely similar to those already described.

It has always been deemed of the utmost importance, in the processes on paper, to keep the chemical agents which are to be operated upon by the solar radiations as much as possible upon the surface. Several plans have been proposed, and albuminised paper has been largely employed. It is, however, found that waxed paper answers far better than any other. The fact that water cannot be spread upon wax may appear to be a difficulty in the way of successful manipulation; but there are means by which this can be overcome, the most successful being the following.

A sheet of good writing-paper is placed upon a hot iron plate, and rubbed over with wax until thoroughly saturated, taking care that the wax is uniformly diffused. If there should be an accumulation in any part, the paper is to be held up by one corner, in front of a fire sufficiently hot to liquefy it and allow it to flow off from the opposite corner. A great many sheets of this paper can be prepared at a time, and kept until required. To give these the sensitive coating, a large dish must be procured and filled with a solution of the iodide of potassium; if the paper is simply dipped in, and then removed, it will be found to remain quite dry, owing to the repulsive action exerted between the water and the wax. Sheets of waxed paper are to be passed into the solution one after another, taking care to remove any air-bubbles which may form on the surface of each, until as many as may be required are inserted, and the whole allowed to remain for two or three hours. In that time a considerable quantity of iodide of potassium has been absorbed, and, on removing the papers and drying them, it will be found, upon the application of the nitrate of silver, that a beautiful surface of the iodide will be produced. These papers are highly sensitive, whether we employ the calotype or the ferrotype process, principally from the circumstance that the chemical agents are retained on their very surface. The resulting pictures are beautifully transparent, not in any respect inferior for copying from than those negatives which are waxed after the picture has been obtained, and all the details are very charmingly preserved.

The addition of the fluoride of sodium to the iodide or chloride, is the first preparation of the paper we have alluded to, and there can be no doubt but it possesses considerable accelerating power. This preparation has been recently introduced as a novelty, but the following process is described in the author's "Researches on Light," published in 1844:—

"The fluates of soda and of potash have been used in many different manners, and variously combined. It has been found that the fluate of soda has the property of quickening the sensibility of bromidated papers to a very remarkable extent; and from this quality, a new process, which I would distinguish by the name of the Fluorotype, results. THE FLUOROTYPE. This process, which is characterised by its easy manipulation, and by the sensibility of the papers, when carefully prepared, consists in the formation of a salt of silver, which I suppose must be considered as a fluo-bromide of silver. It is at present somewhat difficult to say which is the most efficacious manner of proceeding; but the difference, as it regards the sensibility of papers, is so very trifling, that this is not of much consequence. The paper may be washed, first, with the bromide of potassium, and then with the fluate of soda; or, which will be found on the whole the best plan, the two salts may be united. The strength of the solution should be as follows:—

Bromide of potassium	20 grains.
Distilled water	1 fluid ounce.
Fluate of soda	5 grains.
Distilled water	1 fluid ounce.

Mix a small quantity of these solutions together when the papers are to be prepared, and wash the paper once over with the mixture, and when dry apply nitrate of silver in solution, 60 grains to an ounce of water. These papers appear to keep for some weeks without injury, and they become impressed with good images in half-a-minute, in the camera. This impression is not sufficiently strong to serve, in the state in which it is taken from the camera, for producing positive pictures, but it may be rendered so by a secondary process. The photograph is first soaked in water for a few minutes; it is then placed upon a slab of porcelain or stone, and a weak solution of the proto-sulphate of iron applied, which very readily darkens all the parts on which the light has acted, to a dark brown; and every object is brought out with great sharpness. When the best effect is produced, the process must be stopped, or the lights suffer. All that is necessary is to soak the paper in water, and then fix with hypo-sulphite of soda."

The processes now recommended are in all respects similar to this:—

It has been found in operating upon landscapes, that the best effects are produced by employing weak solutions of the gallo-nitrate of silver; by choosing clear daylight rather than sunshine—and then allowing the paper to remain in the camera obscura for a prolonged period; that is, from half-an-hour to an hour. In this manner, all the delicate details are brought out—every blade of grass and every leaf impresses its shadow on the paper, and there are not any of those violent contrasts which destroy the picturesque harmony of many of the calotype landscapes.

The "Daguerreian Journal," published in New York, has just announced the discovery, by Mr. Hill, of a process for obtaining photographs coloured by Nature. The manipulatory details are not complete; but we quote Mr. Hill's own words, hoping his expectations may be fully realised:—

"Some two years ago, I took to experimenting, with a view to this great desideratum, but with little faith. In one of my experiments a phenomenon presented itself which greatly surprised me, and, in the nature of the case, compelled me to believe the thing practicable. One colour, the red, in a figured dress, was developed as bright as a ruby. I then repeated the experiment, and failed; but, from that hour until a few months ago, I continued to repeat it in every form I could think of, always failing, but never despairing; for I had reasons for believing in the correctness of my theory, that, under certain circumstances, there is on the impressioned plate a latent-coloured image. I at length commenced experimenting on the developing power of the vapours of different metals, and found that a large number of them, such as arsenic, cadmium, zinc, selenium, bismuth, potassium, and sodium, would, when properly vaporised, bring out the latent image in light and shade. The same result followed the use of several gases; the impressions differed so little from daguerreotypes, that I was on the point of abandoning the pursuit, when I one day, unexpectedly, formed a singular compound, and, without much hope of success, applied it to my purpose.

"My surprise and joy were unbounded when I found on my plate a true Hillotype. The same process, with some variations, I have followed since, always with good results. I now have forty-five specimens, all of which present the several colours, true to a tint, and with a degree of brilliancy never seen in the richest daguerreotype, and this is true also of the whites and blacks. The pictures have much the appearance of an enamelling, and, I believe, are equally durable, for it is very difficult to efface them by scouring; and, as far as I can judge, they are not acted upon by light. My process bears no resemblance to Becquerel's, and is essentially different from Daguerre's. My success in quickening the plates has been equally gratifying, and I have but little doubt of being able to operate in diffusing light instantaneously, having already reduced the time of sitting to much less than that required for daguerreotyping. I have now forty-five specimens; they are all equally perfect. It is quite remarkable that I have never yet made a partial failure. Those impressions which have had too much light, are nearly as strong, sound, brilliant, and beautiful, as those correctly timed in the camera; being inferior only in having the colours less deep; even the whites retain their strength. The folds of the linen are

always well defined; blue or solarised linen is unknown in my process, and there is always a strength and clearness in the whites unattainable by mercury. During the last winter I have several times taken a view, in which there is a deep red house, while the ground was covered with snow. For experiment I exposed the plate so long as to reduce the bright red of the house to a very light red, while, at the same time, the white snow was developed with a beautiful whiteness. I have copied several very highly-coloured French prints; the copies are far superior to the originals, in that, while they have every tint of colour, they are exceedingly brilliant. This is a characteristic in which I never fail, even with the plates merely cleaned with rotten-stone; the brilliancy depending on other causes. Well-polished plates, however, are preferable, for other reasons. It is essential that the plates should be very pure, free from scum, dampness, and organic matter of every kind; and I am experimenting with different substances, in hopes of finding something that will more perfectly cleanse, while it thoroughly polishes. I would be very thankful to any person who might furnish me with valuable hints on this point, as I am convinced that here lies one great cause of uncertainty."

In America there is certainly much zeal displayed in the cultivation of the art of photography. Many of our greatest advances in the art originated in the United States; the first portraits from the life being taken in New York by the professor of chemistry. We are now promised a process by which the great desideratum of impressed colour is to be obtained: and the advertising columns of our journal contain the offer of a prize of 500 dollars for the most important improvement in the art of photography, during the current year. The advantages of stimulating enquiry by offers of this kind, are numerous, and we have but little doubt but that Mr. Anthony's prize will be contested for by the photographic artists and amateurs both in Europe and in America. We hope the result may be the development of some new process by which, with ease and certainty, we may be enabled to obtain still more perfect reflexes of nature than those afforded by the processes we already possess.

ROBERT HUNT.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE GRAND NATIONAL STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

ON the 31st of May, Rauch's grand monument, commemorative of Frederick the Great, was inaugurated at Berlin by a military spectacle, and amid universal rejoicing. On the occasion of our visit to the studio of the sculptor last autumn, the work was then all but complete. We had an opportunity of inspecting it as it had been put together in Rauch's studio; a place, of course, much too confined to judge of its effect in a public and open space. Frederick, and his contemporary celebrities, had been finished in series, and so the composition had been adjusted in detail to completion; and the inauguration took place on the above-named day, the anniversary of the accession of Frederick the Second to the throne in 1740. The statue is seventeen feet three inches high, and represents the monarch in his military uniform, precisely as he was usually seen. The impersonation is a study from the best portraits and busts of the king, and the artist has succeeded in animating the features with an intensity of expression at once significant of active thought and purpose. In the busts and portraits of Frederick the Great that we have seen, the sharp features are accompanied by a searching penetration in the eye, which Rauch has caught with infinite felicity; and even, for the sake of perfect identity, the slight inclination to stoop has not been forgotten. The costume and properties of the statue have been studiously copied from relics at Sans Souci: the coat is a model of one of the few old coats he ever had—the pistol holsters, the horse gear, and, above all, the everlasting cane dangling from the right wrist, are as necessary to the equipment of old Fritz as his own peculiar three-cocked hat; and yet, withal, Rauch has given to these dignity, and even grace. We know that old Fritz's coat was always old, his continuations always shabby, and his boots often required mending; but here we forget all this, for we enter at once into discourse with the eloquent features. Truly, the days of Roman and Greek heroes in monumental statuary are gone—that has lately been exemplified among ourselves in recent determinations of cases of public competition, where strict portraiture has been chosen and Greek draperies rejected. The Louis Quatorze taste has been pretty general throughout Europe; scarcely is there a city of any note without its king paraded as a thirteenth Cæsar. This taste, we say, has been extensively disseminated from its birth-place; but, curiously enough, the statue in the Place Vendôme, voted at first, like the original, an intolerable innovation, has also, like the person it represents, been instrumental in effecting a change in public taste. The elderly gentlemen at the United Service Club, could not recognise Nelson, as they said, without "his felt sky-scraper aloft, and that set square right athwart his midships." So it has been with the people at Berlin; they chose Rauch's reading of the king in preference to that of Gilli, Schadow, or Schinkel, because how proud soever they may be of Frederick the Great, the love for old Fritz fills the largest space in their hearts; and truly, if it can be well done, this is the common-sense view of the matter: and it demands, at the hands of the artist, a greater amount of skill, because it is easier to present a man in masquerade than in his real character.

The granite pedestal on which the statue is placed is twenty-five feet high, each face presenting groups of distinguished generals and statesmen of the time of Frederick, especially those famous in the history of the Seven Years' War. These figures are thirty-one in number, and are of the size of life. At each angle is a figure on horseback, a disposition extremely difficult to deal with in a work of this kind, but it is managed with masterly tact. The most prominent impersonations are the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Heinrich of Prussia, General Seydlitz, and General Ziethen: besides these, there are Count Finck Von Finckenstein, Frederick's Minister of Foreign Affairs; Von Schlabloendorff, the chief of the ministerial department; Count von Carmer, the Chancellor of State; also Lessing, Kant, and Graun, the king's favourite musical composer; and every one of these is a strictly accurate impersonation according to the best known portraits. Beneath the figures are tablets inscribed with the names of distinguished soldiers of the age of Frederick, to the number of eighty; and those of men of science, statesmen, and artists are sixteen. Above the figures, and at each corner, there are four allegorical representations—Justice, Strength, Wisdom, and Moderation—and this is the only part of the composition which can be objected to as an injudicious introduction where all else is so purely historical and matter-of-fact. Between these are bas-reliefs, illustrative of different periods of the monarch's life; and they also contain an admixture of allegory, which we submit might have been dispensed with, because the prominent incidents in Frederick's life require no aid from allegory. Rauch's design is not purely original, but the improvements are bold and striking; and the monument is, of its class, the grandest that has ever been executed.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES, &c.

AMERICA.—The statue, by Hiram Powers, of the great American statesman, Calhoun, after all its hazards, is now safely placed in the City Hall of Charleston. Its ill-fortune has, however, continued to the last, and its present position is universally allowed to be bad. A local paper thus alludes to that circumstance and the present state of the statue:—"It would be unfair to form an opinion of it as a work of art, while it stands in so bad a light, to say nothing of its discoloration by the salt water, and its mutilation in the loss of the right arm. The figure, however, is very noble, and the likeness well-nigh perfect."

COLOGNE.—The world-famous cathedral of this city is but slowly restored by its overseers; meantime, the constructions to aid this work are themselves getting out of repair, and the architect declares that unless he obtains a grant of 200,000 thalers, to replace the enormous scaffolding and temporary roof, it will be unsafe. It should, obviously, be replaced only by the finished structure, but the necessary funds are short-coming.

BADEN.—This place possesses an antiquarian society which deserves much notice from its praiseworthy exertions in a right cause. They do not merely meet to talk and drink coffee, now-and-then publish a few dull papers, and wait at home for more, but have exerted themselves in the work of explanation and restoration to a remarkable extent. The old church of Lauterbach has been restored, and the sculptures of the convent-church destroyed by lightning, exhumed from the mass of ruins which hid them. The carved stalls of the choir of the hospital-church at Baden were restored by this Society, as well as other sculptures from the Cathedral of Constance, and the Carlovingian Monastery at Reichenau, hitherto hardly known by name. At Stühlingen a large mosaic pavement has been brought to light, and surveys of the principal monuments made, many of which have been published by the Society. We have lately had an opportunity of examining the works of several of these continental societies of antiquaries, and when we remember how small such local bodies must necessarily be, how limited their funds, and how little their general aid, we have been much surprised by the value of their works, and their general interest; and we feel very strongly the inferior display we make at home, with infinitely greater advantages to aid us.

HAMBURG.—The Art-Union of this commercial city opened its eleventh annual exhibition on the 17th of April, in the great saloon of the Exchange. The catalogue comprises 158 subjects, amongst which are nine pieces of sculpture, all by men of Hamburg.

DRESDEN.—Baron Gutschmidt has erected in this city, for the use of the public, an elegant house, as a commemoration of Goethe's birthday. It commands fine views of the river, has numerous balconies, and its *façade* is decorated with a fresco of "Mignon at the feet of the Harper," with some of the most popular of the Poet's lines on his fatherland, and inscriptions commemorative of his genius.

VIENNA.—Professor Edward Steinle has recently been occupied on a picture for Prince Albert, intended as a birthday present from his Royal Highness to the Queen. The subject is, "St. Luke painting a portrait of the Virgin," the figures being life-size, half-length. On the left of the canvas sits St. Luke, with his eyes intently fixed on the Virgin; his tablet is in one hand, and his pencil in the other. The head, seen in profile, is remarkably fine; the jet-black hair and beard, the rich tone of the flesh, and the dark green coat and red mantle in which he is enveloped, come out in bold relief against a light and sunny sky, streaked with coral-white clouds, and blending with a mass of distant hills. On the opposite side, a deep brown curtain throws out, in a mellow mass of light, the figure of the Virgin, bearing in her arms the infant Jesus. Her head is slightly bent downwards, and is delineated with exceeding grace and devotional feeling. The child has plucked a flower from a nosegay standing near him, which he holds out to the painter-Evangelist. In the right-hand corner, and in part of the front of the picture, is a table, covered with a cloth of rich and elaborate design, on which lies a devotional volume. The picture is replete with religious feeling, and with genuine artistic treatment.

BERLIN.—In the atelier of Rauch, the model is being prepared for the statue of York of Wartenberg, the well-known Prussian general in the French war, from the year 1813. The statue will be placed beside that of Blücher, near the Opera House.—One of the saloons of the new Museum will be decorated with pictures of deities of the old German and Northern Mythology, executed by artists of the city.—Artists are busily occupied in the *royal ateliers*, near the Brandenburg Gate, with the execution of the decorations for the dome in the royal palace. Professor Lengerich is executing the twelve martyrs of the Christian Church; the twelve minor prophets are entrusted to the care of Eich Schadow.—A very interesting monument has been erected at Berlin, to the memory of the late Director of the Royal Academy, by his brother and other artists. They have altered his house, and especially his atelier, into an elegant and tasteful "Hall of Art," and decorated it with frescoes. Bendemann, his son-in-law, has heartily accorded his assistance.—Cornelius has recently finished a large cartoon for the decoration of the *Campo Santo*, near the royal pleasure-ground (Lustgarten), at Berlin.

Encaustic Pictures.—In the atelier of Professor Kloeber, three very fine encaustic pictures of saints have been executed on Rhenish lava. They were baked in the workshop of M. Mertens, and their destination is the Russian Church near Potsdam.—Wichman has finished the statue of Winckelman, to be placed with that of Schinkel, executed by Tieck, at the entrance of the new Museum.—A series of marble groups are in course of execution at the ateliers of Bläser, Schievelbein, Müller, Drake, Wichman, &c.—The sculptor Heidel, from the Rhine, has got a commission from the King of Prussia to execute a statue in marble of "Iphigenia," after Goethe. Hartung, of Coblenz,

is engaged in the execution of his Rhine and Moselle group, which we saw lately in plaster at Berlin.—The Academy of Arts at Berlin has ordered the execution of a bust of Rauch, to which is added a relievo after a drawing by Cornelius, in honour of the great sculptor. It represents the "Birth of Minerva, assisted by Hephästos, the God of Mechanical (Industrial) Art."

WIESBADEN.—The Exhibition of the Nassau Art-Union opens on the 15th July, and will close on the 31st August.

DRESDEN.—The opening of the Exhibition of the Royal Saxon Academy will take place on the 13th July, and close on the 16th September.

MUNICH.—J. Palme is occupied in finishing his beautiful frescoes for the Pilgrim Church, fourteen saints (Wallfährtskirche-Vierzehn Heiligen), near Lichtenfels, on the Bavarian frontier. It is a work full of spirit and thought.—Kaulbach is, it is said, engaged upon one of his favourite conceptions, a "Dance of the Dead," (Todtentanz).

DUSSELDORF.—T. W. Th. Tanssen, a young and clever artist, has engraved on copper a large plate from the well-known picture of Hasenclevver, representing "The Examination of the German Candidate of the Church, 'Jobs,' before a Congregation of Theologians," or a jury of queer old German professors. It is humorously done, according to the spirit of the poem from which the subject is taken, viz., the "Jobsiade."

THE ARTS IN THE UNITED STATES.*

INTERESTED as all liberal Englishmen must be in the progress of America in every civilising and refining influence, an account of what we have done, and are doing, in the Fine Arts, must be of some import to the readers of your Journal in England. They can readily imagine that, separated from the influence of Schools, and left to the unassisted study of nature, there must be originality of treatment and conception; and so far as the imperfect development of an American School has gone, these characteristics are visible. We have done little to compare with the Art-products of the Old World, it is true; but if progression is an evidence of vitality, we possess it, for in no school has greater advancement been made in the last half century. It must be recollected that our earliest artists are hardly cold in their graves yet; but amongst them, and as well amongst the living ones, are some who are favourably known in England. Of West and others who are virtually expatriated by a want of public appreciation here, I will not speak. The accident of birth is little; the parents who have sent their children from the hearthstone, either from neglect or unkindness, resign for ever all claim on them to those in whose hands they have found support and sympathy. So we, though we may regret deeply the necessity they were under of seeking elsewhere the encouragement our own tardy taste did not give, as candid and liberal men, must forego all claim to West, Leslie, Newton, and others.

The production of an artist is involuntary, and the country producing him can therefore claim no credit; the supporting of him is voluntary, and the country giving it may well call him her own. We cannot, with any justice, consider as American artists those who, though of American origin, derived their motives, their sustenance, and their fame from the sympathy and appreciating taste of the English nation.

But, beside these, there are some who have produced works that will be more widely known when the expression of Art here shall have attained the dignity of a school. Our first painters who arose to any eminence were the followers of West, and, like all imitators, have lost their value as the fashion changed, or the taste of the people has improved. They who are content to echo the truths another has spoken, must be also content to be heard only as echoes; and they who cling to the popularity of a great man, must be satisfied to be seen as satellites, and to be lost sight of when time has fused their feebler light in that of their primary. In ideal Art we can number a few names of permanence; Allston is too well known in England to need to be noticed here; Vanderlyn is probably little known out of America, though he has produced some pictures which would have secured him high rank in any school. The scarcity of his works prevents his being very widely *known* even here; he devoted his life to the perfection of a few, preferring to be judged by the quality rather than the quantity of them. The pictures by which he is best known are the "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage," for which he received Napoleon's gold medal, when it was exhibited at the Louvre; and the "Ariadne," a recumbent sleeping figure, and one of the very finest of modern nude figures. We may fearlessly invite comparison between this picture and any similar one of the present generation of artists, either in colour, refinement of drawing, or purity of sentiment. Though Vanderlyn's contemporaries have been slow in awarding him his proper rank, he may rest assured of the better satisfaction of that justice to the memory which is not granted to the presence. He has not been without honour in his own country, but his full deservings have never been awarded to him. America owes him a debt of gratitude, which the future will pay in its poor way, though the present may not. Vanderlyn is now past seventy, but his portrait of President Taylor, a full length, in the present exhibition of the National Academy of Design, shows a vigour of mind and hand which few artists have retained to his age.

But among the present acting artists we have one who, though still less known, will leave a deeper impress on the age than either of these—William Page, possessed of a mighty mind, capable of fathoming alike the depths of Literature or Art. He forces on all around him the recognition of his greatness, though the results he has achieved in Art are recognised and felt by comparatively few; and though exceedingly unequal, at times perfectly triumphant, and at others utterly failing, there can be no hesitation, among those who know his pictures, in pronouncing him the first flesh colourist since Titian. This is a strong assertion in view of the names of your own Etty, Reynolds, and Gainsborough; but it is not made without a knowledge of the results they have attained to. There are serious obstacles to his producing such works as will convince even the thinking world of his greatness in the higher qualities of the artist;—the want of that national patronage requisite for the production of such works, and the lack of appreciation of them which warms those powers into life. Allston said of a picture which Page commenced years ago, but was obliged by his circumstances to abandon, that it was the greatest picture that had ever been conceived on this side of the Atlantic. So small is the demand for such pictures that our greatest artists have been obliged to depend mainly on portraiture for subsistence. The corresponding gain to this has been the establishing of a school of portrait-painting, to which we challenge the world to produce an equal at this day. This may, and probably does, seem to your English readers empty boasting; indeed, when I have said as much to English artists I have been met by a doubtful smile and a wonder as to the probability of it. But what is there impossible or improbable in it? It is true that we have not Titian and Vandyke, Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, as masters, but we have the same teacher that they had; we have men whose intellects are as strong and comprehensive as those of any other nation, and why should they not, with the same material, produce as great results? Some of our portrait-painters are somewhat known in England, Stuart, Sully, and Suman, but they do not rank as our first. They laid the foundation of a school, to elevate which our greatest artists have bent their energies and powers, and they have made this branch of their Art a life labour, a labour of love. Page, Elliott, Healy, Magh, Guy, Hicks, and Powers (though in sculpture, for it is by his portrait-busts that the latter has earned his rank, and though in marble, they belong in their treatment to the American school), mostly men of great and varied power, beside those already mentioned, have laboured to this end, and the result is one America may well be proud of. Our best critics, men of taste, liberality, and artistic education, pronounce the heads of Page, where he has been entirely successful, the greatest Art can show at this day. They are sometimes overcharged in colour, but so is Titian occasionally. Their modelling and drawing are faultless, and there is the same glow of colour and tone that have been the admiration of the world in the great Venetian master. Their mechanical excellence is very great, showing a perfect triumph over the material; and to one unacquainted with his method, an incomprehensibility of the means employed. They are to painting what the busts of Powers are to sculpture.

In historic Art we have done little. Our history is too new, and its characters too common-place and home-spun. Time has not glorified them with the heroic dignity which it alone can bring. The picturesqueness and romance our border history possesses has been ruined by its appropriation to all kinds of clap-trap and fifth-rate Art; so that no artist of genuine talent cares to touch it.

It is to be wished that some one of taste and means would send out a collection of good English pictures, particularly landscapes, for exhibition here. We know scarcely anything of English artists; the best specimens of European art we have seen here are German: our young artists go to the German academies to study; and German artists, attracted by the patronage of mediocrity, come and settle amongst us. The German influence is everywhere, and extends to all branches of painting; and the public, as well as the younger artists, fascinated by the sincerity and feeling shown in their pictures, become imbued with its narrow views and morbid development of imagination. I do not mean to include all their artists in such a comment, but that the tendency of the school is such, no earnest English mind will be disposed to deny, though many here may be. Let me not be thought illiberal—to a German, his national art may be pure and healthy; to an Anglo-Saxon mind it cannot be, and the attempt to engraft on it a motive not in accordance with its constitution, must result in deformity and disease. I have no fear of a radical injury from this cause, but it may, for a time, prevent the public taste, and give a bias to the rising artists from which the present generation will hardly recover. I wish that the artists of England cared enough for the advancement of art in this country to give us a lesson occasionally, in the way of a contribution to the exhibition of our academy. They would have an authority which the works of our own artists, owing to sectional and personal jealousies, as well as the want of a transatlantic stamp, cannot have, and which, with the many, is more powerful than their own taste. There is no great inclination in Americans to lean on the greatness of other nations, but there is just enough reverence for the fatherland to recognise the authority of its decisions in matters where they have not proved their own judgment.

But the great tendency of our artistic feeling is towards landscape, and it is evidently destined to be our forte. The cultivation of it is of still later date than that of the other branches; our earliest landscape painters, with one exception, being yet among us. Thomas Cole, who died in 1848, at the age of 47, is recognised as the master of American landscape. Possessed of a fine poetic mind, great earnestness of character, love for his profession, and that resource for the teachings of nature which, in the absence of the stimuli of emulation, prevented his falling into degrading mannerisms, he was enabled to exert a healthy and important influence on the taste of the nation. He was received at once into public favour, and preserved his popularity unabated to the last. His works, though sharing in no degree the high imaginative quality of Turner, or his loftiness of aim, were characterised by a richness of fancy which is much more attractive to the many, and by a religious feeling which was an important component in his own character; and which, appealing to the religious sense of the community, was more effective than the highest art could have been. His pictures are poems, in a certain sense, and in several series he attempted the epic, as in the "Voyage of Life," the "Course of Empire," the "Cross and the World." But there is nothing in them more than might have been expressed in words. There is nothing in their conception that belongs exclusively to painting, and if reduced to poems they would be quite mediocre. What truths it may be the province of the artist to convey, this is not the place to discuss; but if painting gives no great ideas, which words cannot, it is unworthy the rank its devotees claim for it as an intellectual agent.

Cole paid great attention to the composition of his pictures, and some of them are, I think, unsurpassed as compositions by any except Turner's and Claude's, though infinitely so by the former. The "Dream of Arcadia," engraved by the American Art-Union, for 1850, is a good example, though in the engraving it is poorly rendered, and loses much of the majesty of its foliage and the forms of its trees. Cole is little known in England, and the pictures he exhibited there are very far from his best. His great deficiencies were a want of feeling for light and space, and a morbidness in his mode of colour which destroyed the tone and distance of his pictures. From these faults he was freeing himself at the close of his life, and had he lived much longer, he might have achieved something worthy to be the foundation of a school.

Less in power and poetic feeling, but attaining to greater expression of truth, and greater in results obtained, is Durand, the president of the Academy, whom one must know as a man entirely to appreciate his pictures. Though wanting in some of the higher qualities of the artist, the qualities that they possess are such that you feel rather what they

* We receive this communication from an intelligent author in the United States, and take advantage to introduce, as far as we can, the artists of America to those of England.—ED.

have, than what they want. Most faithful in their representations, sincere and affectionate in their feeling, they will be infinitely more valuable than the affectations and trickeries of far greater artists, because the whole man is in them—there is no power left unemployed. Certain motives of American scenery are beautifully and touchingly expressed by him, particularly the quiet and repose of the summer afternoon, the best external expression of the fine qualities of his own heart. You will excuse, I hope, a tribute—to the majority of your readers uninteresting—to the character of one whose life is a poem which the greatest artist might profit by reading. They who know Durand best love his pictures most, and they who regard the moral rather than the intellectual attributes of Art—the development of love rather than power—will regard both him and his works with an affection the greatest power could not produce. His amiability, purity, and modesty are eloquent of the artist. America may have greater painters, she has none purer. Durand's drawing of trees is very fine: in these, and in the fulness and refinement of his foregrounds, he is like your own Harding, though much younger as a student of nature.

Of young artists there are multitudes rising up, the facility of obtaining subsistence giving many opportunities for devoting a part of their time to the study of Art, which in another country must be given entirely to the necessities of life. In this multitude, let us hope, some will be found who will lead the world another step onward in Art.

So much for the past and present; of the future, its hopes and promises, there is enough for another occasion. A.

NEW YORK,
April 26*th*, 1851.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

ALTHOUGH all the world will have something to say, some opinions to give on the Great Exhibition and its contents, and although these may be commensurate in quantity, merit, and variety, and no inconsiderable share of these may—nay must, and will reach you, and although your measure will be more than running over with them, yet I cannot, with all these repressive circumstances, have the conscience, or want the modesty, to withhold my little opinion from you or the public.

Like all the rest of the world, I am attracted to the Crystal Fountain of the Crystal Palace, the ought-to-have-been eye of the whole exhibition. What an original idea! how attractive and yet how repelling, how bright and yet how dull, how enticing and yet how disappointing, how winning and yet how displeasing! What extremes of opinion meet at this place of rendezvous! and why is all this? Who are right?—they who approve or they who condemn? This it is my purpose to inquire; and if the question will admit of a satisfactory reply, we shall not lose the benefit of an original idea in a sweeping condemnation of its unknown failures; but make it more worthy of renown and repetition by remedying its defects, and, if the criticism I offer be just, secure the opened door which may lead to much, as yet, undiscovered beauty, and not close it through ignorance of the good it promises. This is the true purpose of just criticism, and for want of this, many bright thoughts which have loomed above the horizon, at every period, have been disregarded or condemned, because their light has been dimly seen through a veil of erroneous judgment, or because of some defects with which they are rarely unaccompanied when first they appear. With some persons, ideas are instantly received because of their novelty, and preferred to such as have already risen, culminated, and shed their brightest beams; while other persons, because at their appearing they do not eclipse all that have hitherto risen, declare "there is no light in them."

I do not pretend to deal with the form of this fountain, which, whatever its merits or demerits, is beside the present purpose. I propose rather to speak of the idea of thus applying glass which, on this scale at least, is novel, and its execution bold, and worthy, most worthy, of the spirit of the enterprising and tasteful projectors.

The fountain as it now appears violates an important and a just canon of art, viz. that opposites set off each other; for the glass, in the condition here given, has several properties in common with the water; hence they come into conflicting competition, and neutralise each other. The charms of the water are its motion, its clearness, its transparency, its purity, its sparkle, and its rainbow hues as exhibited in certain lights. Now these qualities, except the first, that of motion, are equally possessed by the glass, and it becomes a question when regarding both in their rivalry, which bears away the palm. I should say the glass, for not only is it an object in its manufacture to make it like the purest water, but also from the magnitude of its mass in this case; hence, then, the water can add nothing to the beauty of the glass, and is therefore unnecessary, and the glass detracts from every merit of the water: but again, the clear glass, from its nature and the form adopted, looks much like pellucid water frozen into fantastic or beautiful forms; when, then, water falls over this, it is difficult to understand why the fountain does not melt or the water freeze in its descent, and form fringes of dependent icicles; and hence it has a chilling, rather than a cool effect, and for the reasons given, it has an anomalous one. In addition to these defects, we have the drops of water settling on the base of the fountain, dimming its lustre with a cold vapour.

In this, as in all other cases, we must go to nature for our lesson, where we shall find that water is most captivating when, clear and glistening, it chafes and sparkles over rich orange, pink, and ochreous coloured granite, and deep red porphyry rocks, decorated with velvet mosses of every hue of green. Hence, then, I argue that if the glass had been frosted and coloured under guidance of the hints from nature's hues, all the defects I have enumerated would have been avoided, a result obtained more charming of its kind, and more novel than has yet been seen; we should have had the gentle, changeful, and evanescent hues of the radiant and sparkling water-drops in graceful contrast with the fixed and solid colours of the glass, whose dull opacity would have given additional animation to the lively and pellucid beauty of the water—the fluent and the solid, the opaque and the transparent, the changeful and the rigid, the active and the motionless, the coloured and the colourless, in strong contrast, each heightening and embellishing the beauties of the other, and each receiving a borrowed grace: the water-drops, from the fountain chasing and mingling with each other as they run down its smooth surface or nestle at its base; and these, whether bounding in unceasing rain from its summit, whether flying or at rest, would gather accumulated colour direct from the bright sunbeams, or a subdued lustre from reflection, and present in dew-drops, or in showers, gems of every hue.

A Fountain, such as is here contemplated, would of course require peculiar construction; but with this I do not venture to trouble you; it is enough to state that it might be easily effected, and in such a way as to make it difficult to over-rate its beauty or its enchantment when located in the conservatory or greenhouse; or when made to contribute to the graces of a banquet, it might in addition shed the perfume of the parterre.

ONE OF THE ADMIRING MULTITUDE.

IS COMMERCE INIMICAL TO ART?

IT is not unfrequently attempted to get rid of the disgrace that attaches to us in neglecting the public culture of Art, by interposing "we are a commercial people, a money-getting people;" by which is meant that we have no time for the contemplation or study of Art. Those who assert this, little suspect they are sounding trumpet-tongued our condemnation. If we are a money-getting people, we are also a money-spending people; and is it not as important to a State as it is to each individual in the State to spend money both honourably and profitably? Being a commercial nation, it is the more imperative on our part to uphold the Arts, for we have the power to do so. The Arts were ever the daughters of Commerce—Commerce the prolific mother of the Arts; and England presents one of the few *sad* exceptions to this law of Providence, and thereby wears a most *Carthaginian* aspect. Essentially a commercial people, and therefore dead to the kindly influences of Art! What logic! Why, Italy, the mistress of Arts, was *essentially* a commercial land ere that terrible reign began which has laid her prostrate. She taught us Commerce. Our most approved system of book-keeping is borrowed from the Italians; several of the most commercial thoroughfares of this queen of commercial cities derive their names from those of Italian districts. Italia's ports were crowded with foreign masts, and our ports and those of the chief trading nations of those times were crowded with vessels from Italia's shores; and intercourse with Italia's sons gave us the Arts, the graceful offspring of Commerce—and these we would reject, barbarously reject, tearing the child from the parent. The merchants of Italy were men of princely minds; what they got by thrift they spent with reason and with taste, for the comfort of their fellow-beings and to the lasting glory of their country. The Italians, in sacrificing to *Mercury*, forgot not the honour due to *Minerva*, and the Goddess of Wisdom has smiled upon their land, and given to its accumulated wealth a lotty and imposing aspect. Hospitals, public schools, sacred edifices, sumptuous palaces have been reared; gardens, public walks, and squares *adorned with Art* have been formed for the people's enjoyment. It is in commercial Italy that we see Art flourishing

"From cot to palace, plain to mountain top,"

and, by the magic influence of its touch, not only imparting dignity to the piles of the wealthy, but raising from insignificance the humblest abode, and putting to flight vulgarity.

It is owing to the charm infused by Art all over Italy that this once *commercial* land—prostrate though now she lies—attracts her votaries from all parts of the civilised world, and that her towns, chief storehouses of her commercial wealth, afford inexhaustible sources of delight and instruction. Say not, we may dispense with the culture of Art because we are a *trading* people; the truest, surest, best foundation for the Arts, is commercial prosperity. A. W. H.

THE VERNON GALLERY.

THE COLUMN OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

R. P. Bonington, Painter. J. W. Allen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 5½ in. by 1ft. 9½ in.

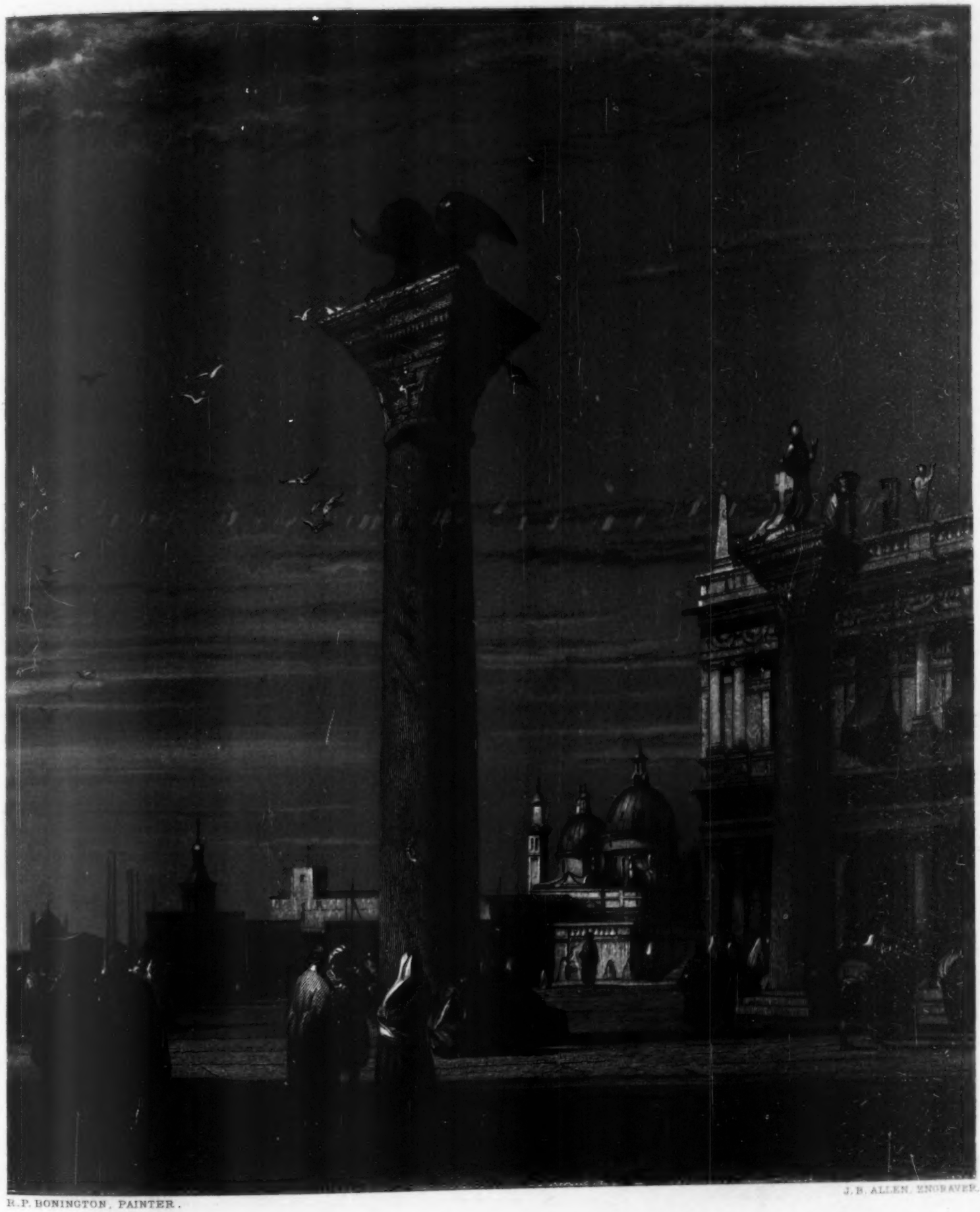
THERE have been few painters whose early death caused more general regret among the admirers of British Art, than was felt at the loss of Richard Parkes Bonington, in the year 1828, at the age of twenty-seven. Few gave greater promise of one day reaching "the topmost round" in his profession, had his life been lengthened only to a few more brief years: as it was, however, he left a name behind him that will endure coeval with his works.

Bonington's family settled in Paris, when he was about fifteen or sixteen; his artistic education may therefore be said to have been begun and completed in the French metropolis and in Italy, which he visited; indeed the French claim him as their own, and pride themselves on the success which followed his residence among them. It is a fact that he had attained great distinction in France before his name even had reached his countrymen in England. The first appearance of his pictures here was in 1826, when he sent two small paintings to the British Institution, which attracted no little attention by the high qualities they exhibited. One of the two is that here engraved; Mr. Vernon, with that discriminating judgment which marked all his purchases, immediately securing one of the gems for his own gallery.

The powers of this artist were as varied as they were indisputable; architectural subjects, landscapes, coast scenes, marine views, and even historical subjects, came alike within the grasp of his mind, and the range of his discursive pencil. Of the last-mentioned class of painting, there are but few examples, yet those are of a quality to cause deep regret that his career should have terminated ere he had carried out the idea, which it was known he had entertained, of producing a series of pictures from incidents in the Middle Ages, in which he was desirous of combining and showing the value of the finish of the Dutch school, the rigour of the Venetian, and the *magic* of the English. The word "magic," as thus applied, is not a compliment we have paid our artists; it was used by a French writer, in Paris, in alluding to the death of Bonington, and the loss which was thereby occasioned to the new school of painting.

Bonington possessed in a peculiar degree all those qualifications which make up a good artist; he knew how to select a fitting subject for the pencil, and having chosen it, he knew how to treat it in the most effective and suitable manner. His composition or design is excellent; his drawing, whether of figures, architecture, or natural scenery, almost without a fault; and his colouring rich, powerful, and true. His principal defect lies in his distances, which sometimes want those aerial tints requisite to keep the several component parts in their proper places, and to give harmony to the entire subject; we see this deficiency in the picture of St. Mark's column, where the Dogana is brought too prominently forward in proportion to its actual distance from the point of sight.

The work is painted with a broad sun-light effect; is little elaborated; and may altogether be considered as an excellent example of the style and genius of the artist.



R.P. BONINGTON, PAINTER.

J.B. ALLEN, ENGRAVER.

THE COLUMNS OF St MARK _VENICE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE VERNON GALLERY.

THE GREAT MASTERS OF ART.

ALBERT DURER.*

BEFORE resuming our notice of the life and works of this great master of German Art, we consider it necessary to repeat the announcement made at the beginning of this series of biographical sketches, to the effect that the engravings have been supplied to us by M. Armengaud, from his interesting publication, "Histoire des Peintres;" and that the text which accompanies these illustrations in our Journal, though not a translation of the French work written by M. Charles Blanc, draws very largely upon that source. M. Blanc has evinced great research in the incidents he adduces in connexion with these histories, and it is only right he should have all the credit to which he is thereby entitled, notwithstanding some inaccuracies and discrepancies which have found their way into his notices. It is also incumbent upon us to correct an error inadvertently made in our former notice respecting the year of Durer's birth, which should have been 1471, instead of 1441, as there given.

We left Albert Durer at his home in Nuremberg, after making a tour through several of the continental states. The celebrated Italian engraver, Marc Antonio, of Bologna, was in Venice at, or about, the time when Durer had reached the "city of the sea;" and, meeting with a set of the engravings on wood by the latter, representing the "Life and Passion of Christ," he was particularly struck with their boldness of design and masterly execution upon the wood, and immediately set to work to reproduce them upon copper, substituting, *at the same time*, so says M. Blanc, his own monogram for that of Durer's. Now, it is only reasonable to presume that Antonio's object in re-producing these works was to dispose of them as the original engravings, and if so, he would scarcely have affixed to them his own signature, which would at once have made public the plagiarism. Vasari states that Marc Antonio copied Durer's monogram at the very first, and that the latter, on discovering it, applied to the Venetian authorities to prevent the forgery; but the only redress he obtained was that Antonio should put his own name to all future copies of the works of the German artist. But Vasari would seem to have been led into error on this subject, and to have mistaken the engravings of the "Life of our Saviour" for those of the "Life of the Virgin," which Antonio also copied and signed with Durer's name, and not the former. It is singular how so great a misconception could have arisen, as there are but seventeen of the "Virgin" plates, while there are thirty-six of the others.

We have spoken of a picture which Durer painted in Venice, for the German Church established in that city. When it was finished, and fixed in its destined place, the Doge and the Patriarch of the city went to see it; everybody was in raptures with it; all the great artists of Italy acknowledged the genius of the stranger. Giovanni Bellini commended the work most highly, and Andrea Mantegna, who resided then at Mantua, was most solicitous of an introduction to the "Gothic" painter. Durer set out to pay him a visit, but reached Mantua only in time to learn the death of its great artist.

The fame he acquired when in Venice roused the jealousy of many of the Venetians; but the artist possessed, in a remarkable degree, those qualities of heart and mind which go far to banish ill-will and to disarm envy. He exercised kindness towards all men; his conversation was agreeable and profitable, not only on matters connected with Art, but on the natural and physical sciences, on geometry and architecture, with all of which his acquaintance was more than superficial. These acquirements, combined with dignified manners and a prepossessing person, made his society much sought after by the titled and noble. Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, and Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, received him with distinction, and treated him with marked familiarity; the latter, especially, held Durer in high esteem, retaining him among his court, and giving him commissions both for engravings and for pictures. An anecdote is on record that Maximilian was one day present when the artist was about to mount a wall for the purpose of making a sketch of some object of magnitude; the ladder by which he desired to ascend was somewhat too short, and the emperor requested one of the crowd of nobles who surrounded him, to hold the end of it, to insure the safety of the artist. The official considered such a request an insult, and refused to obey. "You are noble by birth," said the angry monarch, addressing him, "but my painter is noble by genius," and, as if to show that it is easier to confer a title than to make a great artist, Maximilian ennobled Durer, and gave him for his coat of arms three shields on a field of azure, two *en chef* and one *en pointe*. This device, at a later period was adopted by all societies of painters.

At the age of forty-nine, Albert Durer was desirous of revisiting the Netherlands: unfortunately, his wife followed him thither. Antwerp was then the most important city of the Low Countries, and the focus of their commerce, and it was the first place which the travellers reached together. The evening of their arrival, the director of the leading banking establishment, that of Fugger, the Rothschild of his day, invited them to a splendid supper; the following days Durer was honourably escorted in his walks through the city; he was also invited to a public dinner given by the artists of Antwerp, in their own hall. A report of this entertainment Durer has left recorded in his published journal of his visit to the Netherlands:—"There was no sparing of expense," he writes; "the banquet was served on silver, and all the painters attended with their wives. When I entered with mine, they ranged themselves on each side for me to pass through, as they would for some great lord. The most distinguished persons there saluted me reverentially, and expressed the most earnest desire to pay me all respect, and to make the entertainment as agreeable to me as I could wish. When I had taken my place, the Sieur Rathporth offered me, in the name of the guild, four pints of wine, in token of their good-will and esteem. I thanked them, and expressed my gratitude. After having been most pleasantly and hospitably entertained till late in the night, they conducted us home by torchlight, and renewed their expressions of regard during the journey."

At Ghent and at Bruges, Durer was equally well received; entertainments were got up in his honour, and every evening he was conducted to his lodgings amid the blaze of flambeaux. It was rare, even in those days, when men delighted to manifest their estimation of genius by open acts of courtesy and respect, to see such homage rendered to it. And how strong and lamentable a contrast is afforded by comparing what used to be practised in those semi-barbarous ages, as we are accustomed to think them, with what is done now. True it is, public entertainments are abundant enough in our own time and country, but the recipients of them are seldom the men who have raised themselves above their fellows in the arts and in literature; these are rarely the guests of the noble, where rank gives nobility, nor are they accustomed to sit in high places as those with whom it is an honour to asso-

THE GREAT HORSE.

* Continued from page 144.

ciate. Wealth is the polar-star of our time, to which all look, and "reverence as they gaze."

On reaching Brussels, Margaret of Austria, regent of the Netherlands for Charles V., dispatched an officer of the court and commissioned him to assure Durer of the favour of the regent and of the emperor. In return for this act of kind consideration, the engraver of Nuremberg offered Margaret some of his choicest prints, among them his "St. Jerome seated," engraved upon copper with marvellous delicacy, and still reckoned among his finest works; and a set of his "Passion" prints, to which he added two subjects drawn on parchment with much labour and care, and which he valued at thirty florins. But intrigue and envy were early at work to lower him in the estimation of his fair patroness; and Margaret was not long ere she showed an entire change in her conduct towards him. Durer had painted a portrait of the emperor; he showed it to the regent, who received it with so indifferent, or, rather, so contemptuous an air, that the painter carried back his picture in silence. A day or two following, in order to ascertain whether it was towards himself or his work that such conduct was directed, he asked Margaret for a small book containing some admirable miniatures by James Cornelesz, a distinguished Dutch painter of that period; but she sharply replied that she had already promised it to her own painter, Bernard Van Orley; and thus terminated their mutual acquaintance.

There were other grievances, too, besides the neglect of the Austrian regent, of which Durer had just ground of complaint, for even in past days patrons did not always deal honourably with those they employed. Six individuals in Brussels, whose portraits Durer had painted, received the pictures but neglected to pay him. In his diary, dated from Antwerp, he says,—"I have made a large number of drawings, portraits, and other works, one way or another, but the majority of them have produced me nothing." Notwithstanding his industry and his economical habits, he found himself much straitened in his circumstances, and felt most acutely the contrast exhibited in his early reception with that which followed; it induced him to insert the following remark, written in large letters, in the account-book he carried with him during his journey:—"In all my transactions while travelling through the Netherlands; in all my expenses, sales, and other matters; in all my dealings both with the higher and the lower classes, I have been unjustly treated, but especially by Madame Margaret, who has given me nothing in exchange for my presents and my pictures." It is to be feared that Durer, like many other men of genius, was little acquainted with commercial policy, or in other words, knew not how to make his art a sure matter of pounds and pence; for it is reported he was compelled to exchange his portrait of Charles V., for a white handkerchief of English manufacture. At this juncture a citizen of Antwerp, Alexander Imhoff, agreed to lend him one hundred florins, for which Durer gave him his acceptance, payable at Nuremberg. This timely aid released the painter from his present difficulties, and he began to make arrangements for returning homewards; but, on the eve of his departure, Christian II., King of Denmark, arrived at Antwerp, and learning that Durer was still in the city, immediately sent for him to paint his portrait; considering that the opportunity of having the picture from an artist whose fame had even then reached the courts of Northern Europe, should not be allowed to pass by. The portrait was painted, and Durer was paid for it in a manner worthy of a liberal patron, and that patron a monarch. Flattered by the present of some of his engravings which Durer gave to Christian, the latter invited him to a grand banquet, where he met the Emperor, Margaret, and the King of Spain; but neither of the latter personages condescended to address the untitled guest of the Danish sovereign, who felt himself more honoured by the presence of the German artist, than of the crowned heads who feasted at his side. Durer soon after quitted the Netherlands, bearing with him many bitter remembrances, which only served, however, to make his native Germany more welcome than ever to him.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

Still, his travels, by the opportunities they afforded him of studying men and manners, and, more than all, of making himself acquainted with the works of the Flemish school of Art, were not without a beneficial influence on his mind; they in a great measure operated to change his ideas of the object and end of Art. The letters of his friend Melancthon, but, more especially, his own works, testify that towards the end of his career his style had undergone a very considerable modification; instead of aiming at redundancy of material in his subjects, and elaborateness of detail, he sought chiefly after simplicity and harmony. Observation and experience had taught him that the face of Nature was not composed of crude and disjointed elements, that hard and laborious variety he had essayed to give to his earlier productions,—but, on the contrary, it was fair, and exquisitely proportioned, and symmetrically formed, and harmoniously put together; in short, that it was a world of beauty, and not of deformity,—of order, and not of incongruity,—of life and intelligence, and not of inactivity and dulness. But this knowledge was attained when it was too late to apply it to much good purpose, and his regret was excessive when he recollected that so large a portion of his time had been passed in following a style which he now found it necessary, although difficult, to change. Yet he nevertheless persevered in the task, and succeeded, not only in improving the technicalities of his works, but their general character as well. The best examples of his later progress are, perhaps, to be found in the noble figures of "The Apostles," now in Munich.

But a period was rapidly approaching which was to terminate both his labours and his hopes. Durer was ill able to bear, at one and the same time, the twofold trial of unremitting toil and great mental vexation. It has already been stated that his marriage with Agnes Frey promised to him little peace, and far less pleasure; her disposition was of that querulous and peevish nature as to entirely banish everything like harmony from their dwelling: and as the ill-matched pair advanced

in years, so their domestic disquietudes increased with them. Every day his wife became more morose and irritating. In a house where, above most others, silence and peace should be found to preside, the demon of anger and passion was let loose. Petulant and avaricious, tortured by a constant apprehension of impending poverty, Agnes, like another Xantippe, was an incessant disturber of her husband's peace, and an habitual torment. Durer bore his hard lot with no little patience for a long time; but such ceaseless annoyance became ultimately too great for one naturally of a meek and gentle disposition, and he insensibly abandoned himself to despair, and at length was released from his life of vexation and disappointment, on the 10th of April, 1528. The senate of Nuremberg decreed him a public funeral, which was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity; and it is reported that, although exceedingly liberal, he left a tolerable fortune to his wife. They still show at Nuremberg, in the cemetery of St. John, the place where this great genius was laid. "It is impossible," says a modern French writer, M. Alfred Michiels, "to imagine a more unworthy resting-place for a painter; it is not one of those verdant enclosures which Nature decorates with poetry; no weeping willow hangs there its long pendant branches—no cypress lifts its head to the sky,—neither wreaths nor garlands, those pious remembrances of the living which give honour to the dead, are to be found therein. The tombs, ranged in long rows, like beds in a hospital, are but stones covering the graves of the departed." On the tomb of Albert Durer, is the following simple inscription:—

MI. AL. DU.
QUIDQUID ALBERTI
DURERI MORTALE FUIT,
SUB HOC CONDITUR
TUMULO,
EMIGRAVIT VIII. IDUS
APRILIS, MDXXVIII.

To this brief sentence Willibald Perckheimer, the tried and faithful friend of the great painter, added an account of his excellencies, and an expression of the general regret at his loss. It was only right he should engrave on the marble that covered Durer, the last testimony to his worth, for he had consoled and strengthened him while living. Fortune seemed, in the end, to respect their old mutual attachment, for they both rest near each other in the same burial-ground.

Having thus briefly glanced at the principal events in the life of Albert Durer, we pass on to notice some of those works which have rendered his name immortal. We have already remarked that to this day the German schools of painting and engraving feel the influence which his peculiar genius originated; its mysticism, its vagueness, its eccentricity, its severity of thought and expression. Among his earliest engravings on wood, executed about the same time as his oldest known picture, that is, in 1498, is a series derived from the Book of Revelations. Such a choice as this indicates at once the mental character of the artist, who, while yet a young man, had still the daring to measure his strength against a subject so profound, so unearthly, and so sublime—"to place Death on the pale horse, and to ride with him into the interminable regions of a strange and unknown world."

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

Durer designed more than fifteen sheets full of those spectres which appeared to the solitary dweller in Patmos; men and horses grouped together in marvellous combination; spirits, yet allied to earth, because partaking of those passions and natures which are the common lot of humanity. Of this series the most remarkable, perhaps, is the eighth, wherein the angel of the river Euphrates is let loose to destroy the third part of mankind; the messengers of destruction are mounted upon beasts having the bodies of horses and the heads of lions, emitting flames of fire. Beneath them are crowds of royal personages, mendicant friars, bishops, nuns, and monks, in introducing which the artist confesses his Protestant principles; or, as M. Blanc observes, "One recognises that the burin here has been guided by the hand of his friend Melancthon, the disciple of Luther."

None can fail to remark that all the pictures and engravings by Durer are imbued with a kind of vague spiritualism, are characterised by a laborious execution, and carried almost to the extreme of finish. The engraving of the GREAT HORSE, on the first page, is an evidence of this remark; we admire the great delicacy of his graver in delineating the roundness of the form and muscles, and in the rendering of the accessories; but if you seek to penetrate into the meaning of the composition upon which so much patient toil has been expended, you discern nothing more than an armed warrior holding his horse by the bridle, and standing at the doorway of a ruined chateau.

The KNIGHT AND THE LADY is another of his most strange compositions, which may be classed among the allegorical. The pair, habited in the costume of the period, are walking together. The subject of their conversation it is impossible to divine, so different is the expression in the countenance of each; but, behind the tree, so formal and naked, stands Death, with an hour-glass on his head, watching the movements of the knight and his companion, as if prepared, at no far distant time, to claim one or the other as his own. This subject was executed on copper by Durer, and is considered one of his most delicately-finished engravings.

The VIRGIN AND CHILD, with the monkey, may be also quoted as another example of the eccentric genius of this artist. What possible connection can be supposed to exist between these three figures we do not pretend to divine; yet how exquisitely is the picture wrought, what marvellous finish is discernible in every part of the composition, and how varied yet natural are the flowing lines of the drapery, free, full, and vigorous in the masses. It is greatly to be deplored that Durer did not leave behind him some explanatory descriptions of his works that might have served as an index to his meaning.

SAMSON SLAYING THE LION is not reckoned by collectors among the most important of his engravings, but it is a curious and most masterly production; executed originally on wood, we believe, for it is not specified in the catalogue of his works.

The great foe of the Philistines is bestriding the infuriated animal, and is tearing its jaws asunder with amazing energy; the strength of Samson is powerfully developed in the complete mastery he seems to have attained over the animal, which writhes under his giant grasp. But one cannot help being struck with the anachronism of which Durer has been guilty here, as in most of his compositions, in the introduction into his landscape of buildings of his own time and country, instead of such as would be in some degree appropriate to the subject.

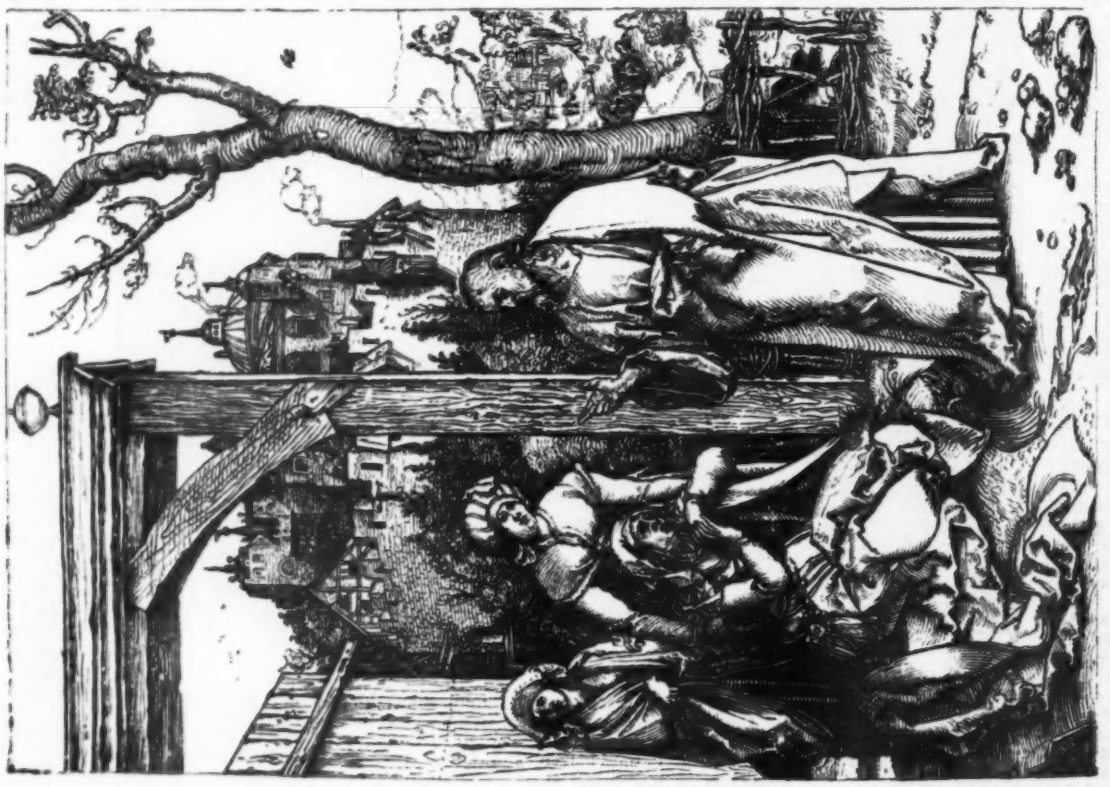
The last of our examples is CHRIST BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER, one of the series from the "Life of the Virgin;" it exhibits all the

SAMSON SLAYING THE LION.

excellence of his graver, while it has less of that singularity of composition observable in the majority of his designs.

Bartsch is of opinion, in which he is followed by M. Blanc, that Durer himself never engraved on wood, making only the designs, which were cut by other hands; other authorities, however, as Heinecke, Young, Ottley, and Heller, affirm the contrary. We will not venture an opinion upon the matter, for which both parties think they have sufficient evidence to determine.

We have left but little space for general criticism



CHRIST BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER.

upon the productions of this "Great Master of Art;" and, indeed, criticism would seem almost superfluous where genius has been recognised and appreciated through centuries. His paintings exhibit fertile invention, accuracy of drawing, good colouring and high finish; but they want a certain gracefulness which seems indispensable to make them truly agreeable; perhaps had he lived a century later he would have attained this also. His inattention to costume is another defect that mars the beauty of his works. His engravings were carried to a degree of perfection which has not been surpassed at any subsequent period in the annals of Art: while his literary labours have no slight claim on the consideration of the scholar.

WANDERINGS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—No. II.

The French have worked themselves nobly out of the chaos of unreadiness, which was as characteristic of the nation as is the beauty that has emerged from it. I was perfectly certain that no one in Paris would believe in the possibility of keeping to the appointed day; that is a thing never dreamt of by man or woman in France. They look with a great deal of complacency on the show they make,—and no wonder. But it is impossible not to be struck with the naïveté and force of their persuasion, that France has been, is, and ever will be, superior in everything to every other nation. No quantity of admiration contents them, if you bestow an equal portion of it on things not French.

The carved buffet, near the Sèvres china, is undoubtedly very handsome; the attitude and expression of the dogs is very fine; it is more striking—more human, I was going to say—than that of the men and women above. When I spoke, in my former letter, of the statuettes on the Austrian bookcase, I was tempted to say that I thought I discovered in them traces of a descent from Peter Fischer; but I suppressed a remark which seemed, even to myself, almost profane. I, however, found this opinion justified by another study of them. I think I see a similar tradition in the figures of the French sideboard; only, faint and imperfect as is the resemblance of the Austrian to the immortal father of German sculpture, that of the Frenchman to his illustrious predecessor, Jean Goujon, is far more so. If you think I mean that, in either case, the moderns are *like*, or in any way comparable, to their great models, I shall be sorry to have suggested anything so absurd. But it is interesting to trace the impression made by one great Artist on the æsthetical conceptions of a nation, for ages. "The least of them," says Goethe, speaking of English modern poets, "has Shakespeare for his ancestor, and the ocean at his feet."

The Sèvres china is consummately beautiful. There is some which the Custode put into my hand, affirming that it was the lightest ever made. I humbly suggested the famed eggshell china, but my representation was treated with disdain. The lightness of this newly-invented Sèvres is, indeed, marvellous; I hear it is as brittle as a French Constitution, and, indeed, it feels alarmingly frail; but it is very beautiful, and so far, the comparison is all in its favour. I found the Custode in considerable alarm at the prospect of the then approaching invasion of "the shilling people;" a countryman of his was condoling with him on the "embarras" that awaited him; he replied, "Il faut qu'on me donne au moins deux policemen." I told him I thought his chance in that direction small enough; but added much consolatory matter as to the orderly habits and respect for property which distinguished my dear countrymen,—especially those of the shilling order. While we were speaking, he pointed to a gentleman, (indisputably so, since he had paid five shillings, at the least,) who, in order to call the attention of his fair companion to the beauties of a splendid vase, was applying the end of his umbrella to it, in such a manner that if anybody had accidentally jogged his elbow, he must have overthrown the vase. This enormity I saw practised twice in the few minutes I remained there: "Eh bien," said my friend, "vous voyez,"—and that is incessantly happening. "C'est plus fort qu'eux,"—they can't help it; what will it be when the crowd comes?"

The crowd will behave better; they will be more earnest, and more careful.

That Sèvres room contains a model of a little group which, by its grace, sweetness, and purity, redeems the credit of French sculpture, so hideously dishonoured by M. Pradier. An old monk is sitting, holding on his knees a crucifix, which a little boy is stooping to kiss. *Naïf* infant reverence is exquisitely expressed in his whole attitude, and especially in the position of the left arm; with the right, he holds the hand of his sister, an enchanting little creature, whose sweet, gay face, and innocent smile, are upturned, with a look of affectionate, trusting inquiry, to the venerable monk. And while all the candour and confidingness of infancy are expressed in the faces of the two children, how exquisite is at once the harmony and the contrast between them and the benign countenance of their spiritual father! Pure, serene, loving, cheerful—he is, indeed, "like unto one of these," in innocence and peace of heart. But the serenity on his brow is that of age; and his hopes and joys are now derived from that source alone, at which he is teaching the babes at his knee to drink. See the benevolent satisfaction which plays around his mouth. He knows the path which lies before them, and what they will have need of. Love for Him who died on the Cross, has been *his* defence against temptation, *his* consolation under sorrow; and he watches that love taking its seat in the innocent hearts whose combat with sin and sorrow is all before them, and smiles with the pitying complacency of a guardian angel. Who is the creator of this beautiful and touching work? I know not. I congratulate him, on the skill which executed, but far more, on the mind which conceived it.

Extremes meet. While in my former letter I was rather inclined to deplore the desecration or vulgarisation of Sculpture, by the mixture with so many trivial objects, and the gaze of so many unintelligent and irreverent eyes, it seems that objections were raised to its presence there, on another and wholly contrary ground—its "indelicacy." If a man is conscious of so diseased a fancy, and cannot divest himself of such foul associations, the least we have a right to require of him is, that he hold his tongue, and keep his vileness and his shame to himself. "All high Art," says Schlegel, "is essentially chaste." If there be found any of the ministers of Art capable of abusing their gifts, and degrading her high mission,—upon them and their works be exclusion and anathema for ever! But purists of the class of our objector, make no such distinctions. To them all things are, like themselves, impure.

Thorwaldsen shines out in the glory of his noble and refined genius, even in the little biscuit copies which adorn the department of Denmark. Few of the attempts to embody our conceptions of the Saviour of the world are as successful as that of the great Dane. Danneker's is far inferior to it. It is enough to say that it can be looked at without dissatisfaction. It is one of the merits of these beautiful little copies that they are very cheap; the whole series costs less than a very moderate Sèvres vase.

The French works, in galvanised silver, exhibit great variety and beauty of design, and finished execution. They are, however, too ponderous and too leaden-coloured to obtain lasting favour as ornaments for the person, unless in small quantities and relieved with gold or gems. Some of the most beautiful bracelets feel like manacles, and would be most uneasy wear. The little *guéridon* is an exquisite work of art.

To return to the subject of colour. I must again deplore the shortcomings of England in this important matter. Repeated and careful observation entirely confirmed me in the opinion I ventured to pronounce on the carpets; and if I select them for criticism, it is only because they offer a greater surface than any other article, and considering their destination, colour is the all important thing. Design, provided it be unobtrusive, will always pass if the combination of colour is good; witness the carpets of the East, which have absolutely no design, and are perfectly satisfactory to the eye. Mr. Lapworth approaches very near to the desired point in two or three of his carpets, where the omission of one inharmonious colour, or a slight change in the juxta-position of some others, would perfect what is near perfection. It is some consolation that the large carpet hung against the wall of the Sèvres room is as bad, as to colour, as any. *Fade* and unrelieved, it is a proof how much labour, and skill, and beauty of design, may be thrown away.

But I must repeat my conviction that in England this is a wide-spread national defect—perhaps an organic one. While I was meditating upon it a lady came and sat down by me. She had on a bright green satin gown, a dark red velvet paletôt, a sky-blue handkerchief round the neck, and a yellow bonnet; or *vice versâ*, I forget which. Looking at this dreadful war of colours in so small a compass, I was struck with despondency, and inwardly ejaculated—"What can be expected, in a country where such outrages on the eye are tolerated? What Frenchwoman would dare to afflict the public with such a spectacle?" Have you ever watched a Frenchwoman (*pur sang*) buy a pair of gloves? It is an affair of the nicest examination and comparison. I have seen it last an incredible time, nor is the search abandoned till the exact *nuance* demanded by the rest of the dress is found. Distinctions that never struck the eye or the imagination of Englishwomen, present invincible obstacles. The innocent Englishwoman buys "a nice pair of gloves" that will fit her, (and not always that) and is therewith content. She wears them with any gown; they are new and of a pretty colour—why not? We may laugh at such frivolities, or we may congratulate ourselves, (not without reason,) that the souls of our countrywomen are not wholly immersed in studies of this kind. But after all, such things are symptomatic.

So of furniture. How flat and unmeaning, how washed out and insipid, is many a neat, well-furnished drawing-room! English people are afraid of colour, because they have a dim consciousness that they cannot manage it, and they take refuge in neutral tints—excellent as *fonds*, but, when unrelieved by points of positive colour, as drearily insipid as food without condiment, or speech without accent or emphasis.

And here I must enter a protest against the much admired Lyons silks, which are a terrible example of the triumph of fashion over taste. Many of them would be handsome as hangings for large and lofty rooms, but, regarded as drapery for the person, nothing can be more detestable. Huge bouquets, or festoons of flowers arrest the eye at every moment, and actually prevent it from following the contour of the figure, or obtaining any view of it as a whole. The woman is lost behind a certain number of blotches of gay colours. Such things were tolerable, and even suitable, in dress, when the whole structure was artificial, and the petticoat covered, not a female form, but a hoop. [N.B. I am far from saying that the edifice was without a certain sort of grace and beauty, when carried with a certain air] Over that wide circle, gay and showy draperies of any kind might be hung, and might be admired, for themselves; but when the garment is in any degree to accompany the form,—to take, and to show, its undulations—these large and glaring designs have no other effect than continually to arrest and disconcert the eye. Nor did I think the French showed their usual felicity in the combination of colours. Altogether, spite of the chorus I heard around me of, "What lovely silks!" "Oh, what would I give for that divine silk!" and such-like feminine forms of admiration, I was disappointed. The humbler printed muslins seemed to me in far better taste. Many of them have that air of elegant neatness which is so great a charm in a woman's dress. They have sufficient *recherché* and variety of design to captivate and satisfy an eye accustomed to study works of Art, yet not to distract it from general outlines; nor to cut up the person of the wearer into sections, across which the eye travels painfully. They are bright without being gaudy; and they possess in an eminent degree that quality which Frenchwomen, with the soundest judgment, and the most refined taste, place at the head of all qualities required in dress, *fraicheur;* without which the costliest stuffs are sluttery, and with which the humblest "*indienne*" is attractive.

The much-dreaded irruption of the shillings has come in time to prevent the Exhibition from losing its serious and elevated character, and degenerating into a "place of fashionable resort." The class of persons who paraded the nave, obtained and kept exclusive possession of the seats, and beset certain places of rendezvous, or certain showy objects, was not exactly that which an Englishman, jealous of the honour of his country, would be glad to exhibit to foreigners. The selection of subjects of curiosity, the unintelligent stare, the trivial *banal* re-

marks, the absence of all sense of the true grandeur of the place, or the true significancy of the event, which were but too obvious to an observer, left a very mortifying conviction of the hopeless frivolity of this part of the crowd. Surrounded by such awful manifestations of the power, the genius, the indomitable and all-conquering energy of their working countrymen, do the "higher classes" never ask themselves with what works, what superiorities, they are prepared to make good their claim to lead this puissant nation? You will hardly suspect me of demanding of every man manual labour, or material production—nor of wishing to degrade this glorious and many-sided England into a workshop: but it will be required of each that he be fitted to do the work that is allotted him, and some work is allotted to every son and daughter of Adam. We have an example placed high above us, that the same punctuality and steadiness, the same unfailing good sense, the same conscientious regard to the demands of duty, may be exhibited in the performance of the highest and greatest task as of the humblest. It is not one of the smallest results of this Exhibition that it has afforded the wise and high-hearted woman who sits on the throne of England, opportunity of showing her intelligent interest in the works and ways of her people, and her generous and unaffected confidence in their appreciation of the rich intellectual banquet provided for them. The Queen has shown herself as far exalted above the regions of fashion, in heart and intelligence, as she is in station; and she may be assured that her people enjoy the success of this great undertaking the more, because they know their Queen enjoys it with them. She, at least, has not disdained to give her attention to the sources of her country's wealth, and to the evidences of the prodigious inventive resources of her people. But the finer mob has generally shown no curiosity about these vulgar matters. Even the machinery in motion, the most awful spectacle of power created by human hands and brains that ever was exhibited, failed to attract them. I wandered about an almost empty room, and the few spectators evidently belonged to the busy classes.

One of the disregarded collections that struck me the most was that of the models of life-boats. I was wholly unprepared for their number and variety, and could not look without deep emotion on the results of so much thought, and the application of so much inventive talent, to the preservation of the lives of the brave men who are encompassed with danger as with an element. With what interest does one try to understand the merits of each of these god-like contrivances! Close to them are the arms. Does it not say something for civilisation, that, while barbarous nations almost rival us in these bright and beautiful instruments of death, it is only the most civilised countries that vie with each other in contrivances for the preservation of life?

One word about glass. This Exhibition convinces me that no substance which human ingenuity has produced for the use of man is equal in beauty to the fine colourless glass of England. Were this new to us, with what wondering admiration would it be regarded! I lay this confession on the altar of my country, because I have been sometimes tempted to prefer Bohemian glass, which indeed has great merits for small ornamental things. It furnishes beautiful bits of colour for decoration. But for the service of the table, for containing meats and drinks, what can equal the pure, pellucid, brilliant substance exhibited by our manufacturers? The forms given to it are admirable, and many of them leave nothing to desire.

It is absurd to compare our ornamental china to that of Sèvres, or Meissen, or Potsdam. Those are royal establishments, and produce things of royal beauty. Let us be wise, and not enter the lists. Let us boast of our matchless display of useful, convenient, republican crockery, adapted to the wants of a clean, and much washing people. What charming jugs and baths, and basins! how cool, and fresh, and bright, they look! Male ingenuity and feminine caprice can hardly suggest a nicety that is not satisfied here; and all so well made, so appropriate, so substantial.

Clean and comfortable Englishman, be satisfied with the shirt which has, from time immemorial, been your *partage* among the nations; and leave to your neighbours the more elegant portion—the frill.

To speak seriously. Whatever may be the relative merits of the various objects submitted to our observation, there is one thing which England alone could have produced, and which outweighs all the rest, as much as a whole outweighs each of its minutest component parts, and that is—the Exhibition itself. If we regard it materially, we must admit that in no other country could such a structure have been raised with such expedition, and at the same time with such unerring calculation as to the adaptation of means to ends. The whole creation is a prodigy of inventive talent and executive skill, such as the world never beheld. But if we view it on its far higher—its moral side, we may well ask, in what other people would have been found the energy, and the confidence in their rulers and in themselves, necessary to such an enterprise? To what other country would the world have committed its treasures?

And in whom is this confidence placed? In our army, in our police force, or even in our government? No. In the people of England, the true and faithful guardian of this sacred deposit. There is not a precious work of art, a jewel, or a splendid stuff, from foreign lands, that does not testify to the faith of the world in the stability of our institutions, in the reverence of our people for law, order, and property: in the force of their principles and their habits—essentially opposed to confusion and destruction.

This is the real glory of England in the Exhibition; this is her own peculiar "contribution," and in this she is without a rival. It is in vain that here and there a "gentleman" sets the people an example of resistance to the law, and brutal violence to its functionaries; in vain that those, who, if disorder arose, would be the first to claim the protection of the police, show, by their sympathy, how fine a thing they think it to degrade, in the eyes of the people, the very men whose dangerous and difficult task it is to restrain popular excess. This prudent and magnanimous lesson will not be learned. The people will remain obedient to authority, in spite of all encouragement to defy it; and will reward with their reverence and their confidence the courageous magistrates who enforce it impartially.

S. A.

PICTURE SALES OF THE MONTH.

In resuming our notice of the pictures offered for sale, by Messrs. Christie & Manson, since our last sheets were made up for publication, we commence with a small collection of about fifty works, belonging to Mr. R. Artis, of Ramsgate, which was sold on the 17th of May. With two or three exceptions the cabinet of this gentleman had been selected from the Dutch and Flemish schools; the pictures that realised the highest prices were:—'A View of the Square of St. Mark, Venice,' Guardi, 43 gs.; 'An Interior,' one of the few pictures of this class that Bonington painted, and a charming little production, 93 gs.; a small 'Interior,' by A. Ostade, 50 gs.; 'A Landscape with Figures,' an elegant little work, by Wynants, from the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, 80 gs.; 'A Sea View,' by L. Backhuysen, 81*l.* 16*s.*; 'A View near Haarlaem,' by J. Ruysdael, 85 gs.; a small 'Rocky Landscape,' by N. Berghem, 58 gs.; the 'Interior of a Cathedral,' by D. Teniers, from the Marquis of Ely's collection, 127 gs.; 'A Woody Landscape,' a work of sterling quality, by R. Wilson, 80 gs.; 'A Sea View,' from the gallery of the late Count Perregaux, of Paris, by L. Backhuysen, 175 gs.; 'A Hunting Party,' by Karl du Jardin, once in the possession of Mr. A. Baring, and a beautiful example of the master, 514*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Musical Party,' by Karl de Moor, 80 gs.; and 'Le Marché du Poisson à Antwerp,' by Karl de Leys, 61 gs.

On the 24th of May, Messrs. Christie & Manson disposed of a number of pictures belonging to various individuals, among whom were Mr. J. P. Anderdon and Sir A. Crichton. Of these works 'A Wood Scene,' by Morland, fetched 55 gs.; a very fine 'Landscape,' full of subject, by J. Ruysdael, was knocked down for 204 gs.; 'The Sick Boy,' by Webster, 150 gs.; 'View of Summer Hill, in Kent,' a comparatively early work by Turner, 305 gs.; 'View of Tivoli,' Muller, 120 gs.; Etty's 'Britomart rescuing Amoret,' a well-known picture, 510 gs.; a charming little picture by Webster, 'The See-saw,' 99 gs; 'A Girl Reading a Love Ballad,' by F. Stone, 72 gs.; 'A Portrait of Marie Antoinette,' Greuze, 85 gs.; 'St. Francis with the Infant Christ and St. John,' purchased by Sir A. Crichton, from the Prince Gagarin, 220 gs.; 'La Carità,' by M. Del Sarto, from the Ruspigliosi Gallery, 252 gs.; 'The Virgin Seated,' ascribed to Raffaelle, 147 gs.; 'Rachel Driving her Father's Flock to the Well,' from the Spinelli Collection, by S. Rosa, an exceedingly fine work, 394 gs.; 'Portrait of Don Livio Odescalchi,' by Van Dyck, formerly in the Ashburnham Gallery, 300 gs.; 'Portrait of Madame Le Roy,' by Van Dyck, 225 gs.; a fine 'Landscape,' from the Verstolk Collection, by Pynacker, 270 gs.

The collection formed by Mr. G. T. Andrews, of York, was dispersed in the same rooms, on the 31st of May. It contained examples of very many of our leading artists, and the sale was well attended by amateurs desirous of making purchases. Few of the pictures, however, were more than early or second rate productions of the respective painters, so that our task of recording them is necessarily limited. The chief among them was Etty's 'Somnolency,' which was bought for 210 gs.; 'Shallow Streams,' by Linnell, 50 gs.; the sketch for Redgrave's 'Country Cousins,' 35 gs.; Frith's 'Stage Coach,' 70 gs.; a beautiful example of Pyne's delicate pencil, a 'View of Romney Pound Lock, Windsor,' 80 gs.; 'The Graces,' by Etty, 200 gs.; 'An Interior,' by Webster, 120*l.* 15*s.*; 'Cattle Reposing,' the joint production of Lee and Cooper, 178*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Mountain Stream,' by J. D. Harding, 52 gs.; 'Iachimo and Imogene,' by Frith, 162*l.* 15*s.*; the study for 'Youth and Pleasure,' by Etty, 130 gs.; 'A Bather,' by Etty, 175 gs.; 'The Gravel Pits,' by Linnell, 300 gs.; 'Venus in the Greenwood Bower,' by Etty, 300 gs.; 'Robinson Crusoe,' by Etty, 389 gs.; 'Venus Adorning,' 80 gs. It is only necessary for us to direct attention to the large sums given for these pictures, to show the value of English Art in the country, and how safe a speculation the purchase of such works is to those who look only to a profitable investment of capital.

But if the remark holds good with respect to the preceding statement, it is more than justified by the sale which took place on the 13th of June, when prices which are almost unexampled were paid for some—certainly fine—works of our native artists, as the following list testifies; most of the pictures were painted expressly to be engraved for the "Royal Gallery of British Art." 'Portrait of Admiral Hawkins,' by Gainsborough, 90 gs.; 'The Coquette,' Sir J. Reynolds, 90 gs.; 'Portrait of Miss Siddons,' Sir J. Reynolds, 90 gs.; 'Hadleigh Castle, looking towards the Nore,' J. Constable, 320*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Battle of Waterloo,' G. Jones, 262*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Whaler,' J. M. W. Turner, 299*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii,' R. Wilson, 120*l.* 15*s.*; 'Morning,' Gainsborough, presented to Mrs. Fitzherbert by George IV., when Prince of Wales, 210*l.*; 'Saltash, Devonshire,' J. M. W. Turner, 346*l.* 10*s.*; 'Feeding Chickens,' J. Linnell, 210*l.*; 'Ecce Homo,' a drawing by G. T. Doo, after Correggio, 70 gs.; 'The Dame School,' a drawing by Derby, after Webster's well known picture, 136*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Corsair's Isle,' J. D. Harding, 73*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Loan of a Bite,' a drawing by Denning, after Mulready, 71*l.* 8*s.*; 'Interior of a Highlander's House,' a drawing by Derby, after Sir E. Landseer, 105*l.*; 'The Artist's Mill, Bettys-y-Coed,' W. Muller, 63*l.*; 'The Child's Prayer,' Redgrave, 84*l.*; 'Mercy and Truth are met together,' &c., S. Hart, 141*l.* 15*s.*; 'Christ and the two Disciples at Supper, at Emmaus,' J. Linnell, 420*l.*; 'A Summer Morning,' F. R. Lee, and T. S. Cooper, 388*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Lock—Evening,' J. M. W. Turner, 378*l.*; 'Rustic Hospitality,' W. Collins, 294*l.*; 'John Knox reproving the Ladies of Queen Mary's Court,' A. E. Chalon, 89*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Author and the Actors,' D. Maclise, 609*l.*; 'St. John proclaiming the Messiah,' T. Uwins, 141*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Ferry,' F. R. Lee, 110*l.* 5*s.*; 'A Sunset at Sea after a Storm,' F. Danby, 204*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Morning after the Wreck,' C. Stanfield, 924*l.*; 'Ruins of the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec,' D. Roberts, 388*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Combat,' W. Etty, 598*l.* 10*s.*; 'Repose,' Gainsborough, a wedding portion from the artist to his daughter Mary, 945*l.*

We are proud to see the English School thus maintaining its high position—one, in its peculiar departments, unsurpassed by that of any nation, ancient or modern; and we are equally gratified to know that there is a public able and willing to recognise its merits by paying liberally for what it produces.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION. — The directors of the Royal Manchester Institution have announced that the prizes for the present year will be awarded as follows, viz.: one hundred guineas to the artist of the best oil painting, not previously exhibited except at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of this year, and which has been painted since the year 1849.—The Heywood gold medal and ten pounds in money to the artist of the best oil painting of a subject selected from sacred or profane history.—If the work to which the prize of one hundred guineas is awarded shall be of the class competing for the Heywood prize, then the painter of such work will be entitled to receive both prizes. The council do not consider themselves bound to award a prize unless a work shall be exhibited which shall appear to them deserving of it. The above prizes are open to all competitors. At Liverpool the corporation will again give a prize of fifty guineas for the best picture exhibited in their exhibition; and Glasgow and other provincial towns are, it is said, about to award prizes to successful competitors.

THE DALTON STATUE.—This fine work of Art is to be deposited in the Hall of the Royal Institution, with the stipulation that the public shall have access to it at reasonable hours.

PEEL MONUMENT AT PRESTON.—The model of Mr. Duckett has been selected by the Committee, with leave to amend the likeness as he may see fit, after visiting the Crystal Palace, which contains several busts of our great statesman.

GLASGOW.—The Art-Union Society established in this city recently held its annual meeting for the distribution of prizes. The information with which we have been furnished upon the general state of the institution, as well as upon its doings on the occasion in question, is but scanty; we however learn that there has been an increase of 1224 subscribers over the number of the preceding year; this is a vast addition, and is a matter for sincere congratulation. The report states also that the committee have determined to continue their plan of offering for the ensuing year a premium of *50l.* for the best historical or *genre* picture, as well as one of *25l.* for the best landscape, by British artists. The West of Scotland Academy, in the same spirit of liberal encouragement, following the example of the Glasgow Art-Union, have agreed to give a premium of *10l.* and a gold medal for the best picture painted in Scotland; also a medal, value *5l.*, for the best picture painted in the west in Scotland. Fifty pictures varying in value, were distributed at the meeting to subscribers, besides a number of statuettes, and one hundred proof impressions of Prior's engraving of "Heidelberg," after Turner.

HUDDERSFIELD.—At a special meeting of the committee, recently held in the Improvement Commissioners' rooms, Huddersfield, the commission to execute the testimonial to the late Sir R. Peel, was, after two motions of adjournment had been rejected, unanimously conferred on Mr. Alfred Bromley, a young and rising sculptor of Leeds. The other competitors (each of whom had sent in models) were Mr. Matthew Noble of London, who has obtained the commission to execute the Tamworth and Salford statues, Mr. Behnes of London, who is executing the Leeds statue, and Mr. Fisher of Huddersfield. The monument will be a Sicilian marble statue, 8 feet 6 inches high, to stand on an elaborate stone pedestal 18 feet high.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE ANCIENT MASTERS.

We may say that the present collection is at once the most interesting and valuable that has of late years adorned the walls of the institution. The works, even the earliest, are all in excellent condition; they have been selected with unusual care, and will afford a worthy example to foreign visitors of, we may truly say, the recondite pictorial wealth possessed by private individuals in this country. If our national collection is not so extensive as those of the public galleries of some other countries, our private collections surpass all others of like character; insomuch that even a few of these put together would form a gallery in worth and excellence second only to the Pitti Collection at Florence. The pictures contributed by her Majesty, are modern, and of our own school, being three pictures by Wilkie—'The Maid of Saragoza,' 'The return of the Guerilla to his family,' and 'The Guerilla Council of War in a Spanish Posada.' From the collection of the Earl of Carlisle there are magnificent examples of Bellini, John de Mabuse, Dominichino, Annibale Carracci, and Vandyke. Mr. Holford has sent works by Velasques, Rembrandt, Perugino, Murillo, &c. Mr. Hope, some charming productions of the schools of the Low Countries. The Duke of Sutherland, works by Andrea del Sarto, and Correggio. Lord Overstone, examples of Claude, Murillo, and Domenichino. The Earl of Suffolk, of Annibale Carracci, Claude, Leonardo, and Mola. Lord Colborne, of Rembrandt. The Lady Dover, of Rembrandt. In addition to which, numerous other contributions of known excellence from other highly reputed collections, amounting in number to one hundred and forty-two pictures, in which all the schools are represented.

No. 1. 'The Adoration of the Magi,' JOHN DE MABUSE. Earl of Carlisle. This picture was formerly in the Orleans Gallery; it is undoubtedly the finest existing work of the master.

No. 4. 'Portrait of a Spanish officer,' VELASQUEZ. R. S. Holford, Esq. The figure wears a demi-suit of armour; it is freely, even loosely, painted in some parts, and exhibits many of the qualities which Wilkie observed that the English school of portrait-painters acquired without knowing that they were peculiar to Velasques up to a certain period.

No. 6. 'The Abbé Scaglia,' VANDYKE. R. S. Holford, Esq. The principle of this portrait is that of the purest simplicity; the effect is a broad and decided opposition of dark and light, the hands are displayed in the manner customary with Vandyke, and the head, by another affectation peculiar to the painter, is so small as to make the figure look more than ten heads high.

No. 7. 'St. John with Angels,' ANNIBALE CARRACCI. R. S. Holford, Esq., and

No. 8. 'Le Raboteur,' ANNIBALE CARRACCI. Earl of Suffolk. By a curious coincidence these two pictures are hung in juxta-position, affording the critic an opportunity of observing their difference of manner. The former is highly finished, and is probably of the time when Annibale imitated Correggio. The other, which represents the Holy Family in the workshop of Joseph as a carpenter, is loose and sketchy, and resembles some of the works of Ludovico in his imitation of Titian and others.

No. 11. 'St. John,' DOMINICHINO. Earl of Carlisle. This is the famous picture in which the eagle bears the pen to the Evangelist.

No. 12. 'The Virgin and Child,' P. PERUGINO. R. S. Holford, Esq. The figure of the Virgin is a small half-length; the head of the child is an admirable study, this part of the picture almost equals the famous miniatures of the San Pietro at Perugia.

No. 13. 'Portrait of Martin Looten,' REMBRANDT. R. S. Holford, Esq. This picture, which appears to bear the date 1632, must have been painted when Rembrandt was twenty-six years of age; it is beautifully fresh, and is one of his few highly finished pictures, yet far behind the truth and force of the gorget portrait in the Pitti Collection.

No. 17. 'The Three Maries,' ANNIBALE CARRACCI. Earl of Carlisle. An admirable production, which every lover of Art ought to see. It is most commonly known as the "Dead Christ." We regret that we have not space for its history, and a description of its merits.

No. 18. 'The Enchanted Castle,' CLAUDE. Lord Overstone. This admirable picture wants cleaning. It is impossible sufficiently to eulogise the masterly distribution of darks in the composition, which give such force to the subdued sunlight.

No. 27. 'An Interior,' A. OSTADE. We believe that this picture has been attributed to Isaac Ostade—if it be the same that was in the collection of Lord Methuen. Be that as it may, it is a more agreeable picture than the *chef d'œuvre* of Adrian, in the Louvre—with its experimental alternation of reds and blues.

No. 41. 'La Vierge aux Rochers,' L. DA VINCI. Earl of Suffolk. In this famous work, Leonardo exemplifies the principle which he taught his pupils, with regard to the sparing employment of light. The picture is painted with more freedom and firmness than we are accustomed to see in the works of Da Vinci; the heads—especially that of an angel on the right—are most fellcitous in character, but they still always suggest the universal Gioconda.

No. 43. 'Portrait of Snyders,' VANDYKE. Earl of Carlisle. This picture has been painted with little else than white and black. In the *pose* and display of the hand there is great affectation. It is amusing to see Vandyke treat, *con amore*, a brother of the craft—because we do find even him subject to the caprice of arbitrary sitters.

No. 46. 'The Circumcision,' GIAN BELLINI. Earl of Carlisle. This picture is well known: it presents five half-length figures; it is painted in his more generous manner, after he had seen the works of Giorgione. Some of the heads here strongly resemble Titian's deductions from the same source.

No. 47. 'Madonna.' R. S. Holford, Esq. A head of exquisite sweetness, with the round contour and large eyes which characterise the studies of the master.

As we proceed through the Middle and South Rooms, we find so many pictures claiming especial notice, that we must limit ourselves simply to titles. The following works are of extraordinary excellence:—52. 'Portrait of Catherine Hoogh,' REMBRANDT; Edmund Higgenson, Esq. 53. 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,' CUYP; F. Perkins, Esq. 54. 'Landscape,' HOBBIMA; Frederick Perkins, Esq. 56. 'Count Ugolino,' REYNOLDS; Earl Amherst. 58. 'La Course au Hareng,' WOUVERMANS; R. S. Holford, Esq. 61. 'Landscape, with Figures,' A. VANDERVELDE; R. S. Holford, Esq. 60. 'Two Dukes of Ferrara,' TINTORETTO; Earl of Carlisle. 63. 'Card Players,' TENIERS; George Field, Esq. 66. 'Landscape, with effect of Sun,' RUYSDAEL; R. S. Holford, Esq. 70. 'Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy,' REYNOLDS; J. Angerstein, Esq. 'The Trumpeter,' TERBURG; H. J. Hope, Esq., M.P. 83. 'Landscape,' HOBBIMA; Richard Ford, Esq. 87. 'Algernon, Tenth Earl of Northumberland,' VANDYKE; Duke of Northumberland. 92. 'Angels Strewing Flowers,' MURILLO; Duke of Bedford. 98. 'Portrait of Mrs. Lock.' Sir THOS. LAWRENCE; J. Angerstein, Esq. 113. 'The Fortune-Teller,' REYNOLDS; Earl Amherst. 115. 'The Maid of Saragoza,' WILKIE; Her Majesty. 118. 'Lady Caroline Howard,' REYNOLDS; Earl of Carlisle. 122. 'Apollo and the Seasons,' J. WILSON; John Bentley, Esq. 130. 'Portrait of John Flaxman,' JOHN JACKSON; The Lady Dover. 132. 'Jane, Countess of Harrington,' REYNOLDS; Earl of Harewood. 134. 'The Return of the Guerilla to his Family, WILKIE; Her Majesty. 137. 'Mrs. Angerstein and Son,' LAWRENCE; J. Angerstein, Esq.; &c.

This, we repeat, is the most beautiful and choice collection we have ever seen on these walls; every picture might be mentioned as distinguished by high and rare quality.

THE AMATEUR EXHIBITION.

THIS collection was opened to private view on the 31st of May; and it would seem that the society takes a place among the established annual Art-exhibitions. The works are chiefly water-colour, with a few oil sketches mounted and framed as water-colour works. The collection consists of one hundred and seventy-nine productions, which, with few exceptions, are landscape subjects,—showing the influence our school of water-colour exercises on public taste, and at the same time the discursive habits of our nation, since every quarter of the globe is represented. We are borne eastward from the Houses of Parliament to the streets of Canton, and westward from Wimbledon Common to Lake Huron. Certainly such a variety of subject-matter has perhaps never been met with in so small a collection. Many of these drawings exhibit much power, but yet of that kind which shows that Art cannot be cultivated with any degree of success as a mere amusement. When we remember how unequal are the productions of the most celebrated men, it will be understood that there can be little hope of any amount of excellence, except from assiduous study. Any similar exhibition in any other part of Europe

would have been more academical, that is to say, we should have seen more of progressive academical study, and less of mere landscape sketching. It were highly desirable, in painting for an exhibition of this kind, that the imitation of manner should be set aside, because we discover at once, in the works of the sketcher, his or her master, or standard of imitation. Many of the best drawings here are enfeebled by timid elaboration, and other well-chosen subjects are spoiled by an insufficient knowledge of composition and the means of effect. But, to speak of the better qualities of the works, there are many—especially some studies, which have been made immediately from nature—containing a high degree of excellence; these are decided in touch and full of natural truth. Among the more efficient works of the exhibition are—'Portrait of a Lady,' Miss Houlton; 'Sidmouth, Devonshire,' Mrs. Serjeant Thompson; an original sketch—'Old Street in Rouen,' Charles Jenyns, Esq.; 'Quedlinburg, in the Hartz,' Miss Blake; 'The Lady Clementina Villiers,' H. Munro, Esq.; 'A View from St. John Lateran, over the Campagna, Rome,' R. H. Cherey, Esq.; 'Cocoa-nut Trees,' Lieut.-Col. D'Aguilar; 'Near Dordrecht—Morning,' T. Macdonald, Esq. (this is in oil); 'Sketch of Dhemetre, an Albanian, made at Damascus, in April, 1850,' —— Leslie, Esq. (this is also in oil); 'Sketch for a Picture,' J. T. Houlton, Esq.; 'Girl at a Spring, from Nature,' Miss Ashton Yates; 'Italy,' T. Macdonald, Esq.; 'Tivoli,' Hon. C. Hardinge; 'Ryde, Isle of Wight,' and 'View on the Thames, near Hampton Court,' John Heathcote, Esq.; 'Part of the Coliseum, Rome,' Mrs. Davidson; 'Study,' J. T. Houlton, Esq.; 'Youngsbury, Hertfordshire,—Sketch from Nature,' Mrs. Puller, and others by the same lady; 'Study of the Iris,' Miss Twopenny; 'Studies of Beech Trees,' Miss Swinburne; 'A Presentiment,' Miss Harriet Boddington; 'Vallée du Lys, Pyrenees,—Sketch from Nature,' Mrs. Davidson; 'Rosalie,' two 'Studies from Nature,' The Lady Augusta Cadogan, 'Study of Spanish Fruit and Vegetables,' Captain Twopeny, &c.

Public exhibition must promote earnest study, and consequent advancement among the members of this society; and must also, we venture to hope, further extend the practice of Art as a necessary branch of education.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Our National Collection has put forth full claims to additional notice in this eventful year, and many of its treasures known only to a few favoured sight-seers, or persevering bookworms of the Library, have been placed so that every visitor may see them. The entire Libraries have been thrown open, and the treasures of rarity and curiosity ranged in cases on each side. A large library has been aptly termed "the grave of rarities," and when we read of such things being "discovered" in the Bodleian or the Museum Collections we may be the less inclined to wonder when we know the number of volumes they comprise. Mr. Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, thus narrates the quantity it contains, and their rapid increase. He says:—"On the 25th of July, 1838, the volumes of printed books being counted one by one, as they stood on the shelves, were found to be, in round numbers, 235,000. Counted in the same manner on the 15th of December 1849, they were found to amount to 435,000. The collection now consists of upwards of 460,000 volumes." Thanks to his energy and zeal!

It was a wise thing for him thus to select from this mass a few choice and curious articles for general exhibition, which it was obviously out of the power, even of the privileged, to obtain a sight of, without an amount of time and trouble they could little afford; and which might easily be thrown away without the aid of a guide to direct their search. We will note a few of the curiosities which now await inspection. Entering the rooms appropriated to the Library, so munificently bestowed upon the nation by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, consisting of 20,240 volumes, which cost him upwards of 54,000*l.*; we notice some of the rarest specimens of the noble art of printing in its infancy. There is the "Biblia Pauperum," as it is popularly called, a series of scripture histories told in rude woodcuts, sparingly described from holy writ, both pictures and words cut in wood before the invention of moveable type. Such works are technically known as "block books," and are of the highest rarity and value. The ink used is of a pale brown tint, and apparently of weak consistence. By the side of this volume are others of the same class. "The Book of Canticles," a very elegant series of designs; and the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," with some specimens of single page "broadsides," also cut in one block, such are the "Temptationes Demonis," and the "Turris Sapiencie."

That printing suddenly elevated itself to perfection, is proved by the noble "Mazarine Bible," supposed to have issued from the press of Gutenberg and Fust, at Mentz, in 1455. It is the earliest printed bible, and also the earliest printed book with moveable types known. The paper is as fine as any of the present day, and the ink even better than is now generally used. In fact, as a specimen of good paper and typography, it could not be surpassed. We have also the "Mentz Psalter," by Fust and Schoeffer, the first book printed with a date (1457), and the first example of printing in colour, which was used for its initial letters. The series is continued by specimens of the works of the most celebrated early German printers.

The manuscript department exhibits, also, its principal treasures. Here the lovers of autographs will find a rare and curious series of originals, of an exceedingly varied kind. There is a very complete display of royal autographs and great seals, from the time of William the Conqueror, whose *cross* attests to the verification of the name some better penman wrote.

A very magnificent series of illuminated volumes is here, including "Froissart's Chronicles," the "Poems of the Duke of Orleans," the "Romance of the Rose," &c. The famous "Bible of Charlemagne," the "Gospels of St. Cuthbert," are of the most elaborate and beautiful of the works of the 11th century. The bindings of many of these are very strong proofs of the value attached to books in the early ages. Some of the bindings are inlaid with jewels, silver fillagree, and *plaques* of carved ivory of a most elaborate character, with figures, foliage, and inscriptions.

Passing to the King's Library, we inspect the classics, in their primitive editions; such as the "Cicero," by Fust and Schoeffer, 1460, the "Florence Homer," of 1488, &c., &c. A host of early specimens of the French, Spanish, and Portuguese press is also here: among them is the first book illustrated by copperplate engravings, Bettini's "El Monte Sancto di Dio;" Florence, 1477. We will pass by other rarities, such as the first edition of "Don Quixote," and that crazy knight's much-loved romance, "Tirant the White," a work so rare that it cost Heber 300 guineas—and continue through the noble room to the general library of the Museum, where fresh treasures await our recognition. Here may be seen the first editions of the Scriptures in our mother tongue, from the translations of Tindale and Coverdale; a copy of Cranmer's "Great Bible," which belonged to Henry VIII; and many other rarities, including an extraordinary series of books printed by Caxton, the finest and completest possessed by any library, including his first work, the "Recueil des Histoires de Troyes," printed about 1467; and the first book ever printed in England, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," in 1474. Here also is the Polyglot Bible, printed by Plantyn, of Antwerp, and remarkable as being the copy presented to the Duke of Alva, that scourge of the Low Countries, by his equally bad master, Philip II. of Spain.

The lovers of autographs may be again directed to that of Shakspere, on the fly-leaf of Florio's translation of "Montaigne's Essays;" to that of Ben Jonson, on the fly-leaf of a copy of his "Volpone," presented to the same Florio; to that of Milton, on a copy of "Aratus;" as well as to those of Bacon, Aldus, Castiglione, Michael Angelo, Voltaire, &c. A German Bible, once the property of Luther, is also here; and his name appears, in his own bold hand, upon it. The same copy passed into Melancthon's keeping, and he has written a long note within it. Calvin's appears in another volume.

Among the state papers may be noticed the proclamation by King Charles II., dated August 13th, 1660, ordering the suppression of the *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, and also of the *Iconoclastes* by Milton, who is therein stated to have fled from justice. But one of the most amusing documents of the state series is that of Prince Charles Edward, "the Pretender," who, by way of retort to George II., who had offered a reward of 30,000*l.* for his apprehension, offers the same sum to any one who may bring him the "Elector of Hanover," if he shall have landed, or presumed to "invade" Great Britain.

The wonders of ancient bookbinding have been seen in the Manuscript Rooms; here we may contemplate the beauty, and fancy of such works in the sixteenth century, of which we have abundant and striking examples, of a very varied and extraordinary character: among them, the Gospels in Anglo-Saxon and English, a presentation copy from John Foxe, the doctor to Queen Elizabeth; King Edward VI.'s copy of "Cicero;" Bonner's "Profitable Doctryne," bound for Queen Mary, &c. A number of the rarest books and pamphlets connected with the discovery of America is also in this room.

We may look upon our National Collection altogether with feelings of pride and pleasure. Its natural history department, as far as relates to birds, is unrivalled; its geology good; its series of coins and medals excellent; its Egyptian antiquities, and Greek vases, curious and complete. Within its walls is the most perfect history of sculpture possessed by any nation, from the early period of Egyptian Art, as it ascends through the Assyrian and Lycian schools, to its culminating point in Greece and Rome. The new galleries which contain it are now decorated with polychrome ornaments, of classic form, and are in good taste and keeping. But why are the Nineveh Marbles still in a cellar? approached by a stair, few dare to descend lest they find themselves among housemaids' pails or student's boxes! It is also a melancholy thing to look upon the empty cases, where native antiquities ought to be, and find a *British* Museum so rich in foreign *certà*, entirely destitute of that which all civilised nations prize—the archaeology of our forefathers. There is scarcely a country town upon the continent that cannot boast its local collection, illustrating native history, and some few of our provincial towns can do the same. What must foreigners inevitably think of our national collection without its English department; but that it is a type of too many of our travelling countrymen, who only value what is foreign, and underrate their "fatherland."

THE VERNON GALLERY.

INTEMPERANCE.

T. Stothard, R.A., Painter. W. Chevallier, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 5½ in., by 1 ft. 8 in.

The name of Stothard is as indissolubly connected with English Art in design and painting, as is Raffaelle's with Italian, or that of Rubens with the school of Flanders. The fact of upwards of three thousand engravings having been made from his drawings and pictures, is evidence not only of his diligence through a life extended to nearly fourscore years, but to the estimation in which his works were held by the public in general. For nearly half a century scarcely a single book, containing illustrations of any importance, was published without the name of this elegant artist being appended to some of them.

The largest painting he executed is that of which Mr. Vernon purchased the original sketch; and from this sketch our engraving has been made. The great work ornaments the principal staircase at Burleigh House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. It was commenced in the year 1798, and occupied the artist during the summer months of four successive years. The title it has always borne is that by which it is here designated. "Intemperance" is symbolised by groups of bacchanals, sylphs, and other figures, surrounding the principal group, which is supposed to represent Marc Antony and Cleopatra, the syren of Egypt, of whom the poet writes—

> "Around two mighty hearts her chains she cast,
> Which, for a third too feeble, broke at last."

The Egyptian queen is dropping a pearl into the goblet of the enamoured Roman, while Cupids are running away with his armour.

The subject is treated with infinite power and beauty of composition, and with a most brilliant effect of *chiar' oscuro*. A critic of a quarter of a century since, referring to this work, says—"Let those who affect to despise the English school of painting, compare this sublime production, not only with the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre, that deform the ceiling, but with the finest works of a similar character; and then say, had such a painter lived in the time of the Medici, how would his productions have been now appreciated?" There cannot be two opinions as to the poetry of the composition, and the exquisitely rich colouring of the painting; but these qualities scarcely atone for the defective drawing several of the figures exhibit, a fault which detracts greatly from the excellencies of many of this artist's pictures.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. STOTHARD R.A.

W. CHEVALIER. ENGRAVER.

INTEMPERANCE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE VERNON GALLERY.

PRINTED BY W. DAY.

OBITUARY.

MR. J. TALFOURD SMYTH.

The following notes of the brief career of this young and promising engraver, we have received from the hand of an artist-friend, who prefaces his communication by saying that in the life of a recluse, of such studious habits, there are necessarily but few circumstances of sufficient outward interest to be brought before the public. And if, even of the artist who has run the full course of his years, and fulfilled the purpose and promise that were in him, the biographer can say little more than that he *laboured* and *died*—what can there be to relate of him who, cut down ere middle age, and with his whole life's-work unaccomplished, leaves no monument but the dissipated hopes of a few private friends; no epitaph but the melancholy words, "he *might* have been."

Mr. Smyth was a native of Edinburgh, and showed at an early age a great enthusiasm for Art. He studied under the late Sir William Allan, at the Trustees' Academy of his native city; and I have heard him tell, in proof of his boyish industry and eagerness for improvement, how he was wont to leave bed long before dawn, set his palette, and wait impatiently for the first glimpse of morning, to resume the labours of the preceding day.

In 1835, however, he determined to adopt engraving as his profession; and from that date the brush was seldom in his hand—and the burin, I may say, never out of it. He was his own teacher in the Art—his only master dying during the first year of his pupilage. But the plates produced immediately subsequent to that period, "A Child's Head," after Sir John Watson Gordon; "The Stirrup Cup," from the picture by Sir William Allan; and others, proved him already able to take the field alone. In 1838 he removed to Glasgow, where some seven years were spent over works better calculated to fill his purse, than to promote his artistic knowledge, or advance his reputation. This he felt strongly, and relinquishing his engagements there, once more returned to Edinburgh, where, up to the time of his decease, he devoted himself to the study of his profession, with an assiduity seldom equalled, producing many works of great promise: four of which, "The Consolator," "John Knox dispensing the Sacrament," from Wilkie's sketch from the unfinished picture in the collection of the Royal Scottish Academy, Mulready's "School" in the Vernon Gallery, and Sir W. Allan's "Tartar Robbers dividing their Spoil," in the same collection, have appeared in the pages of the *Art-Journal*. And had he lived to execute the projected engraving from Maclise's "Hamlet," and to complete the plate after Mr. Faed's "First Step," on which he was working when attacked by his last fatal illness, I have little doubt his name would have taken rank with the highest in his profession. How inscrutable are the ways of fate: at the very moment when the anxious and obscure labours of twenty years were about to be rewarded with success and reputation, the over-taxed system gave way, and after a brief and seemingly unimportant indisposition, which terminated in softening of the brain, he died at Edinburgh, on the 18th ult., at the age of thirty-two. He was a man of much taste, and considerable reading; of deep religious impressions, and most blameless life.

MR. JOHN BASTIN.

We have heard, with much sincere regret, of the recent death of this excellent wood engraver, after a long and most severe illness, which, we know from our own personal observation, he bore with exceeding patience and resignation.

Our acquaintance with Mr. Bastin, as an illustrator of the *Art-Journal*, has been almost coeval with its existence; and we are only doing justice to his memory in stating that no artist with whom we engaged ever gave us more complete satisfaction in all that was required of him: his work always commended itself by its sound qualities, while his attention and punctuality were proverbial in our office. At the commencement of our arduous undertaking of the "Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition," we anticipated his assistance with much pleasure; but the disease which terminated his life had taken such hold, that he was able to engrave only a few blocks for us in the months of January and February; since which he had become, we believe, entirely incapacitated for exertion.

"True and just in all his dealings" is an epitaph of which his conduct through life had in every way rendered his name worthy: he has left a widow and young family to deplore a loss to them irreparable.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Her Majesty's Bal Costume.—The habits and amusements of fashionable life are not without a certain amount of monotony inseparable from any routine of enjoyments, however homely or however refined. The "privileged" of the higher circles willingly admit of variety, and welcome it as gladly as those in less elevated spheres. Her Majesty, ever alive to the gratification of her Court, as well as to the interests of her people, has, in the *Bals Costumé* hitherto given by her, effectually served both: she has given an impetus to the handicraftsman by desiring, in one instance, that the dresses should be of British manufacture; and insured its attention in that important particular, by fixing the period of costume in the early part of the last century. The courtiers of England have now surrounded their Sovereign in the costume of three very picturesque and strikingly varied epochs. The dresses of the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries have been donned on two memorable occasions; the third realised the glories of the period of the Restoration, when the courtiers of the restored monarch appeared before the sober puritans, arrayed in all the gorgeousness of the Court of the *Grand Monarque*, and England changed from the gloomiest sobriety to the opposite extreme of gaiety in dress and manners. It was the style *par excellence* for gentlemen, for certainly they have never before for since had the opportunity of exhibiting dresses enriched with lace and embroidery, ribbons, feathers, velvets, and silk, so profusely as the thoughtless courtiers of Charles II. indulged in. The ladies, in spite of the gallantry of the age, certainly made less show, and were much more staid and sober-looking; for it must be borne in mind that the dresses in which Kneller depicted the court beauties were treated by that artist with the same amount of freedom that characterised those depicted by Reynolds in his time. He chose only what was becoming to his sitters; and the freedom of his dresses, which excited some prudential fears among those who did not remember this, was more the result of choice than reality, inasmuch as the works of less fanciful artists, who strictly copied what they saw, are very different; we need only refer to the pictures of the court of the *Grand Monarque*, the seat of fashion, or to the prints of the period published in France. All these things appear to have been well studied at the ball of the 13th of June; and although we might object to seeing a little too much of the ordinary Spanish costume of the stage, wanting some of the *minutiæ* of English character; yet, in many instances, the correctness and beauty of the costumes were remarkable, as well as the wealth with which they were enriched; baldricks of jewels and trimmings of the rarest and costliest lace swell the descriptions in fashionable journals, and testify to the liberal hands which adorned the *tout ensemble* of the groups, and which cannot fail to have been felt profitably by many of those whose business it is to minister to such display. The appearance of the various officers of the Court in the proper costume of these long-past times gave variety and piquancy to the scene, as also did the appearance of the foreign ambassadors, in the respective antique dresses of their own nations. Such was the success that attended the entire entertainment, that in some instances the most intimate friends failed to recognise each other; and the *habitués* of the court were surprised at the extraordinary and complete character of its transformation. Independently of its entire success as a masked ball, it was an instructive and picturesque *agroupement* of England's highest nobility exhibiting a new and beautiful picture of high life, as artistically satisfactory, as it was gorgeous and refined.

Exhibition of Modern Foreign Art.—This Exhibition, of which we have already spoken, is now open at Lichfield House, in St. James's Square. The pictures which have been promised from various remote sources, are not yet arrived, but they will be hung as they are received; the interest, therefore, of the collection will be sustained and increased by many additions. We have been long desirous of seeing in this country the modern continental painters represented by a worthy exhibition of their works, and such a display we shall now have the opportunity of witnessing when the gathering of pictures is completed: these will be entirely restricted to the works of living artists. The Exhibition affords beautiful examples of painters who are but little known in England; and we doubt not that their productions will be duly appreciated. We shall recur to this subject, probably in our next.

The Engravings of the late Mr. Mabberly.—The collection of engravings formed by this well known amateur, the author of a work entitled "The Print Collector," has recently been sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, and many of them brought remarkably high prices, realising the sum of 3500*l.*, which is little less than their actual cost. The following are a few of the more prominent lots:—The strength of the collection lay in the Albert Dürers, the Rembrandts and Claudes. The chief purchasers were nominally Messrs. Colnaghi, Graves, and Tiffin,—but really Mr. R. S. Holford, Mr. J. Haywood Hawkins, Mr. Charles Bale, Mr. Chambers Hall, Mr. Felix Slade, Sir John Hippesley, and the British Museum. The "Adam and Eve," by Albert Dürer, being No. 1 of Bartsch, and the finest specimen of the engraving known, was sold to Mr. Graves, for Mr. Slade, for 55*l.* The "St. Hubert," of the same master (No. 57 of Bartsch, and formerly in Mariette's Collection), was bought by Mr. Graves, also for Mr. Slade, for 46*l.* A fine impression of the "Burgomaster Six," Rembrandt's great work, with the figures 6 and 4 in the date reversed, brought 82*l.* "The Gold Weigher," by the same master realised 33*l.*; and the "John Lutma before the window and bottle," 32*l.* The largest sum given for a specimen of the English school was 28*l.*, for Faithorne's portrait of Charles II., inscribed "The Second Charles, Heire of ye Royall Martyr," &c. The British Museum acquisitions at the sale were, "The Dance under the Trees," by Claude, for 52*l.*, and two Rembrandts, "Village with a square Tower," on India paper, for 44*l.*, and "A Young Man in a Mezetin Cap," first state (before the hair on the right side of the face was brought down to the chest,) for 34*l.* 10*s.* The Claude is thought to be unique.

Nash's Interior Views of the Crystal Palace.—Several of Mr. Nash's drawings of the interior of the Great Exhibition, have lately been on view at Mr. Dickenson's, New Bond Street, and fully realising the expectations we had formed respecting them. They are to be engraved in lithograph, and so coloured as to imitate very closely the original designs. The subjects are: 1. A view in the Transept, showing the Glass Fountain, by Osler. 2. A view across the Transept and Nave, showing the ceremonial of her Majesty's inauguration of the Exhibition. 3. A view of that part of the Nave in which the "Amazon," and other works of foreign sculpture are placed.

Sculpture in England.—The patronage of sculpture, of the highest order, was never at a lower ebb in this country than at present. It has been repeatedly asked of us within the past month, why British sculptors have so few subjects of colossal size in the Exhibition of the Industry of all nations; seeing that groups of that class are the only works of art which appear to attract peculiar attention in that edifice. The answer is a very simple one. All those which are there exhibited by Foreign sculptors, have been executed for their respective governments. In England with the exception of a few full-length figures for the Houses of Parliament, no encouragement to sculptors is held out by the government, and few private houses in England will admit of the display of works of art of this description. Let our more eminent sculptors have but a chance of establishing their capacity to model colossal groups, and they will show that they are inferior to no nation on the face of the earth; but such is the general discouragement of such objects in this country, that there are not half-a-dozen sculptors whose studies would permit them to construct a group very much beyond the ordinary size. The only

practitioners in this branch of art in this country who seem to have a chance of success, are bust-makers, and those who devote themselves to sculptural decoration. Flaxman left behind him a sum barely amounting to 4000*l.*; Nollekens bequeathed by will, 150,000*l.*; and Chantrey, 90,000*l.*

Northumberland House.—The liberality of the Duke of Northumberland has enabled the British public, who have any taste for works of art, to make themselves acquainted with the pictorial treasures of his town residence, hidden for a long series of years from the view of any but privileged persons. Its leading gems are "The Cornaro Family," by Titian, and "Ecce Homo," by Caravaggio; a very fine "River Scene," by Ruysdael; "Nymphs and Satyrs," by Rubens; a "Fox hunted down by Dogs," and "Dogs chasing young Deer," by Rubens and Snyders; a copy, the size of the original, of "The School of Athens," by Raphael; one of Guido's "Aurora," by Mengs; and various original portraits by Titian, Vandyck, Hudson, and others. The house is, in other respects, well worthy of a visit. It may, perhaps, be considered ungracious to criticise the arrangements of a house submitted to the public eye under such circumstances, or we might be induced to suggest that they are susceptible of considerable improvements in regard to the placing of the pictures.

Death of Professor Tieck.—This eminent sculptor died at Berlin on the 14th of June. He was originally a stonemason. The following are among his leading works:—The monument of the late Queen Louise of Prussia; the statues of Marshal Saxe, of Lessing, of Erasmus, of Grotius, of Herder, of Burger, of Walstein, and of William and Maurice of Orange—all at Munich; the sculptures of the pediment and friezes of the Theatre Royal at Berlin; the full-length statues of Necker, of the Duke de Broglie, of Augustus William Schlegel, and of M. de Rocca, made for Madame de Staël; the front gate of the Cathedral of Berlin; and the bronze equestrian statue of Frederick William, at Ruppin. The deceased sculptor was brother to the celebrated poet of the same name.

Sion House.—Beyond the gardens and the conservatory, which are among the finest in the kingdom, there is little that is very remarkable in this residence. The pictures, and more especially the portraits, are for the most part copies. Among the exceptions are a fine portrait of Queen Henrietta, by Vandyck, and the portraits of Charles I., and the Duke of York, by Sir Peter Lely. One of the attractions of the gardens is the Victoria Regia, which, as usual, has a house of its own.

Reunion des Arts.—A society under this designation—(will not the English language supply the materials for its title?)—has been formed, for the purpose of bringing together artists and amateurs, and affording opportunities for discussing topics connected with the Fine Arts. Its meetings are held weekly (on Monday evenings), at the New Beethoven Rooms, in Queen Anne Street; one apartment being devoted to vocal and instrumental performances, and another to the exhibition of sculptures, paintings, prints, models, &c. Every pretext for bringing together persons professing a taste for the Fine Arts, however limited their ability to promote its interests substantially, cannot fail to be useful.

Pyne's English Lake Scenery.—We have already noticed at some length this series of pictures by Mr. Pyne. There are twenty-five subjects, and they are now being exhibited at Messrs. Graves & Co.'s, in Pall Mall, previously to being published in lithograph by Mr. Agnew, of Manchester. Among the series are the best examples of the artist we have ever seen; and we know of no other painter who could, with greater energy and success, have realised a series of such equal excellence. We have already given nearly all the titles of these works, very many of which are views altogether unknown in pictorial illustration, and which present combinations unsurpassed in beauty by any other scenery in the world.

Conversazione at the Mansion House.—The conversazione given by the Lord and Lady Mayoress on the 4th instant, to a distinguished crowd of English and Foreign Savans and literary men, passed off with great *éclat*. A concert, and a collection of curiosities and models, formed the amusements of the evening. The latter including Milton's watch; the gloves worn by William III. at the Battle of the Boyne; a remarkable manuscript from the Guildhall, relating to the time of Henry IV.; sketches taken in the Punjaub by the Hon. A. Hardinge; specimens of silvered glass; models illustrative of the science of naval architecture from the admiralty; examples of electro-plating by Elkington's process, and microscopic illustrations of the circulation of the blood: 1500 cards were issued, many of which were double.

The Guild of Literature and Art.—This new institution appears to be progressing as prosperously as its most sanguine supporters could have anticipated. Two performances at Devonshire House, and one at the Hanover Square Rooms, the prices of admission, respectively being 5*l.*, 2*l.*, and 10*s.* have attracted as large audiences as could be accommodated. Her Majesty, who with her suite was present at the first performance, is said to have paid 240*l.* for admissions for her party. It is understood to be the intention of the amateur actors of which this company is composed to *star* it in the country, when they have exhausted the curiosity of the inhabitants of London.

Lance's Picture of "Red Cap."—In our remarks on the engraving from this picture, which appeared in the *Art-Journal* last month, it was stated that Mr. Broderip's picture was a copy of Mr. Vernon's, whereas the original work belongs to the former gentleman, and that in the Vernon Collection is a duplicate.

The Ascot Race Cups have attracted a good deal of attention this year. The Emperor of Russia's Vase, has been modelled by Mr. Cotteril, and manufactured by Messrs. Garrard. It is a shell-shaped cistern for cooling wine, supported by scrolls resting on a base of ebony, and surmounted by a group, representing a sledge attacked by wolves. The Queen's Cup by the same artists and manufacturers, consists of a camel and its driver reposing, and a Turkish horseman whose horse is startled by the camel. The Royal Hunt Cup is designed by Mr. A. Brown, and manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. It is surmounted by a deerstalker and his dog.

The Grosvenor Gallery.—A great deal of correspondence has been published in the daily newspapers, on the subject of the degree of facility afforded to strangers or even to native amateurs of access to this gallery. We believe we may affirm that the permissions to visit it have been comparatively few. One of these printed introductions, signed by the Marquis of Westminster, and limited as to date, is now before us; it was addressed to a gentleman whose name is perfectly familiar to the public. It admits two out of the number asked for for his family, requests that the parties using it will "wipe their feet on the mat," and concludes with the condescending intimation that "if the day be wet you may come the next." It does not, however, provide for the contingency of two wet days.

Mr. J. F. Lewis has returned to England with his portfolio filled with sketches and drawings made during his long absence in Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt; these works were opened to private view on the 19th of the past month, too late for us to see them in time for the present number. We are sure that all lovers of art will rejoice to hear of Mr. Lewis's safe return, and of the acquisitions he brings with him.

Industrial Museum at Paris.—The Chamber of Commerce, and the Common Council of Paris, have purchased the Hotel des Commissaires Priseurs, for the sum of 400,000 francs, for the purpose of forming an industrial museum, destined to receive foreign and native produce.

Kiss' Group of the Amazon.—It does not appear to be generally known that the work, as exhibited in Hyde Park, is a copy in zinc, made at the zinc manufactory of M. Geiss of Berlin. The casts have been of course multiplied: and one of them may be readily obtained: we believe its price would not exceed 500*l.* We saw in the establishment of M. Geiss, small copies of this work—about five feet high, the price of which we understood to be about 70*l.* These are admirably calculated as ornaments for parks and gardens. The original in bronze stands on a lofty pedestal fronting the new Museum, on the Unter der Linden—the famous street of Berlin. We saw in the atelier of Herr Kiss, the model of a group intended as a companion to that of the Amazon.

Overbeck.—The works of this eminent artist have been increased of late by some important additions. His picture of the "Conversion of St. Thomas," is about to be sent to London for exhibition. A series of fourteen engravings after Pictures of the Passion, have just been published. The engraver is Banboccini. The picture ordered of Overbeck by the Pope for the Monte Cavallo, is very nearly finished.

The New Houses of Parliament.—The expense of these works for the year ending the 31st of March, 1852, has been estimated at 116,385*l.*, which amount includes 67,000*l.*, on account of the carcase works of the buildings generally, and for the ordinary finishings of the official residences for the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, the Chief Clerk, and the Librarian of the House of Commons; and of the Usher of the Black Rod and the Librarian of the House of Lords; 11,200*l.* on account of contingent works external to the buildings; 8000*l.* on account of warming and ventilating works; 13,500*l.* on account of fittings, fixtures, furniture, &c.; 9500*l.* on account of superintendence and contingent expenses; 2385*l.* on account of Dr. Reid and his apparatus; 800*l.* on account of Mr. Dyce's "Legend of King Arthur;" 1000*l.* on account of 3385*l.* for Gibson's statue of Her Majesty, with accompanying figures, bas-reliefs, and pedestal; and 1000*l.* on account of Mr. Herbert's 9000*l.* commission for frescoes in the Peers' Robing-Room, representing "Justice on Earth, and its development in Law and Judgment." Mr. Herbert's work is to be completed in nine years or less, dating from 1st April, 1851.

The Pictures of Louis Philippe.—The sale of the collection of the late king of the French has occasioned some disappointment. With the exception of "Le Guide" and "Le Chasseur" of Gericault, purchased by the French government for 940*l.*; four paintings by Horace Vernet, representing the battles of Jemappes, Valmy, Montmirail, and Honau, which were bought by the Marquis of Hertford at prices varying from 250*l.* to 400*l.*; and a noble picture by Leopold Robert entitled "A Burial at Rome," purchased by the Duke of Galliera for the Orleans family, there was little to command attention; many of the pictures offered for sale on this occasion had been much injured in the memorable sack of the Tuileries.

Archæological Discovery.—A gigantic statue in stone of Svanstovrt, one of the great gods of the Sclavonian people, was lately discovered in the bed of the river Zornez, which separates Gallician from Russian Podolia.

Excavations at Athens.—Some interesting excavations have lately been commenced at Athens, under the direction of M. Pittakis, Inspector of Antiquities, at the instance of the Archæological Society. Many fragments of fine statues have been disinterred, and great numbers of inscriptions, some of which are said to throw considerable light upon the history of the country, have been discovered.

Mr. Marshall Claxton has arrived in Sydney, New South Wales, and had placed at his disposal, by the Government authorities, Sydney College which he has fitted up as a gallery, and which is attracting considerable attention.

Discovery of the Ruins of Memphis.—Not only the site, but the ruins of this renowned city of Ancient Egypt have at length been discovered by M. Mariette, from whose paper on the subject, read at a late sitting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, in Paris, we have derived the following particulars:—Having made excavations on the spot on which Memphis was supposed to have stood, M. Mariette found, at the depth of from two to twelve yards, several monuments, of Egyptian and Grecian architecture, and amongst them the Serapium mentioned by Strabo. Having had the avenue leading to the

latter cleared, M. Mariette discovered a considerable number of statues, ranged in a semicircle, and representing the Sphynx, and various other Grecian and Egyptian figures. The drawings made from these relics represent them to be of great beauty. These discoveries will, it is expected, throw considerable light not only on Egyptian Art, but on Egyptian History also. The French Ministers of Public Instruction in Paris have promised M. Mariette the funds requisite to enable him to prosecute his researches with effect.

Sir Robert Ker Porter's Battle of Agincourt.—A correspondent of the *Builder*, states that a large picture by Sir Robert Ker Porter, representing the Battle of Agincourt, has been hidden for many years in the Crypt of the Guildhall, but if it be not vastly superior to most of Sir Robert's works, the public will have sustained no very serious loss. It was presented to the Corporation by the painter himself.

The City of London Peel Testimonial.—The Committee for this testimonial having only 2000*l.* at their disposal, have invited a competition for a full length figure in bronze of the departed statesman; the designs for which were sent to the Mansion House on the 16th. The site has not yet been decided upon, but will be either at the West end of Cheapside, or in the space at the East End of the Royal Exchange. The number of candidates for the execution of the work, is said to be unusually large.

LINES ON THE PICTURE,

BY SIR W. C. ROSS,

OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL HABITED AS A TURKISH PRINCESS,

ROYAL ACADEMY, 1851.

In many a lonely chamber, through the East's imperial halls,
'Tis thus the rich dark foliage in graceful shadow falls,
Veiling the noonday's splendour with a dreamy, soft repose,
In whisper'd memories tender of the myrtle and the rose.
Through many a time-worn temple there, on many a voiceless shrine,
Lies, pale and cold, the mystic lamp that held the light divine;
Yet see, this Peri Princess breathes, touched by a magic hand,
Among the gleaming treasures of her own far distant land;
What genius rare, what wondrous power, the painter's skill hath wrought,
Who wove the scene enchanting with the "talisman of thought,"
And knew not that the "string of pearls,"—the amulet of fame,
Should trace on Art's immortal page his own undying name.

But she, that bird of beauty rare, is she the Moslem born?
Is her bright cage the regal towers that gem the Golden Horn?
Doth she gaze on mosque and minaret, or wile the hours away
By ever warbling fountains clear, with voice more sweet than they?
Doth she kneel in childish awe to list the Muezzin's call to prayer,
Half wondering of that distant Heav'n she may not hope to share?
Or dreams she of that world as strange *beneath* the sunny sky,
The gilded city's myriad homes, the shining barks that lie
Below her silken lattice, with their white wings in the breeze,
Her dreaded sire's proud armament, that sweep the Orient seas?
Ah, no! bright flower of loveliness, those lineaments of grace,
The lineage high of empire won, far otherwise we trace;
That smile serene, transcendant o'er those jewels of the mine,
That brow august, are eloquent of England's peerless line,
Of *her*, the honour'd and belov'd, the pride of Albion's realm,
And *him* who stands with spotless crest beside the mighty helm.

Angelic eyes of innocence that gaze so softly down,
I see the one eternal ray outshine the earthly crown;
The lucid drop from Jordan's wave retains its steadfast light,
The Crescent with its thousand stars grows pale as wintry night,
That gem beside the casket left, our faith's triumphant sign,
The glorious Cross eclipses all, oh prize the wealth divine

MARIAN.

REVIEWS.

The Decorative Arts of the Middle Ages: By H. Shaw, F.S.A. Published by W. Pickering, London.

The large field occupied by the subject of Mr. Shaw's volume, cannot enable him to do more than cull a few choice flowers as a sample; and such form the volume before us. It has been our duty to notice some of the numbers, as they periodically appeared, with commendation; and now that the series is complete, we feel bound to say it sustains the high reputation which Mr. Shaw's other illustrated works have gained him. The carefulness of selection, and beauty of execution, of these specimens of the Decorative Arts of antiquity, do him much honour. The readers of our journal will remember the series of papers contributed by Mr. Shaw to our pages in 1849, and will see some of the engravings we then introduced, incorporated in the present volume. They comprise specimens of costly enamelling applied to various purposes; metal-work, in gold, silver, and iron; wood-carving; stained glass; Venetian glass; embroidery; fictile ware; bookbinding, and illumination. These works are exhibited in forty-one plates; but there are also eighteen large wood-cuts, and a profusion of initial letters, scattered over his letter-press. His volume is a very beautiful one, attractive to those who patronise *livres de luxe;* interesting to the antiquary; and generally instructive to the large class who make Medieval Art their study in the artistic or manufacturing world. The illustrations are selected with much taste and judgement; so that, independent of their interest in an antiquarian point of view, they are intrinsically good, and display beauties of form, detail, and arrangement of colour. Mr. Shaw conceives "that modern designers may benefit considerably in their studies from nature, by observing how their predecessors modified her most beautiful forms, to meet the necessities of the materials on which they were to be employed, or to give them the symmetry required to bring them into harmony with the architectural or other arrangements by which they were to be surrounded." This desirable feature, the engravings of Mr. Shaw's volume possess. The general introduction prefixed, is an excellent *resumé* of the history of early art, detailing much that is valuable and curious; no person has worked more heartily in the study and portraiture of the Arts of past times than Mr. Shaw; his delineations are as remarkable for their truth as for their beauty, and show a knowledge which few artists possess. This volume is a worthy addition to the series he has previously published, and a credit to his taste and talent.

Recollections of Mrs. Anderson's School. By Jane Winnard. Published by Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.

This is an amusing, clever, book, by a clever, clear-sighted woman, who has been practising for some time, well and wisely in our "Periodicals." Miss Winnard's preface to this amusing book contains much, which however tart, is true. "When ladies' colleges," she says, "various systems of home training, and other 'aids to development,' have established their superiority over the old boarding-schools for young ladies, and driven them towards the vast limbo of bygone things, it is somewhat bold for a simple individual, personally unconcerned in the matter, to say a word in favour of the old fashion. But it shall be said nevertheless." And accordingly Miss Winnard says, with bold and direct truth—"There are good boarding-schools for girls, as well as bad ones, schools conducted by women, who are not mean, grasping, vulgar-minded, and ignorant, (as I fear too many schoolmistresses are) but generous, large-hearted, highly-educated gentlewomen; the lives of these women are full of noble, touching lessons, which great ladies who neither toil nor spin would do well to get by heart when they come in their way." Now this last sentence may be considered with a difference—it does not follow because persons are born neither to "toil nor spin" that their lives also are not full of "noble touching lessons;" it is a very shallow observer who imagines because a woman is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, that she has no deep seated trials to endure, no contentions to battle with; circumstances, however advantageous, are not happiness, nor are the rich set apart from, and unsympathising with, the poor as they were in the olden time. The daily increasing number of our public institutions for the good of some hitherto neglected and most important class of society, gives evidence of an honourable and improved spirit. What follows, however, we know to be true:—"The life of many a schoolmistress is one steady course of industry and self-sacrifice for the good of others; and the influence of such a person over the young is always beneficial. Women of this kind think of something beyond half-yearly bills, when they take charge of a pupil. * * * Until the middle classes get a better educated race of mothers than they have at present, the occupation of such women, it seems to me, will not be gone." It is certain that whether or not we succeed in obtaining a better educated class of mothers, we cannot do without schools—though Miss Winnard has not alluded to the grand objection to boarding-schools, which proceeds from the danger of contamination; one bad clever girl can undo, and frequently has undone, all the good a high minded governess could instil. Wherever a girl can enjoy good home education, there can be no doubt of its being the best for the cultivation both of her intellect and her affections, and one is quite as important as the other; but, where this cannot be obtained, we confess we would prefer placing our daughter within the sanctuary of a strict and retired boarding-school—under the care of one of those "large hearted, and highly educated gentlewomen," such as Miss Winnard has most truthfully described—to sending her through the sights and sounds of the London streets, to mingle with a mob of miscellaneous pupils, who crowd around a lecturer upon a science which, in six cases out of twelve, in no degree instructs them in acquirements so absolutely necessary to wives and mothers. Again, in the preface to "Mrs. Anderson's School," has Miss Winnard spoken truly, when she says that females "should be made to understand early the dignity, and sanctity, of the maternal life. They ought to be taght, that women (except here and there one) have no higher duty in this world than:

'——— to rear, to teach
Becoming as is meet and fit,
A link among the days to knit
The generations each with each.'"

Miss Winnard expresses, most happily, her conviction that this is a woman's proper task; "To fulfil this," she adds, "requires high moral and intellectual culture, a finely balanced conscience, a steady will, knowledge and skill, taste and judgment." The balance of domestic life is always preserved when a woman takes this view of her position and its responsibilities; and it is not too much to say, that it leads to a right balance of public affairs when high minded and nobly righteous women train our statesmen and our tradesmen for their very different, but very important duties. We have only noticed the preface to "Mrs. Anderson's School;" and, as Miss Winnard says, "it was written for parents, not for children;" we feel it can hardly be read by them without advantage. "Mrs. Anderson's School" is rather a collection of sketches of juvenile characters than a tale: the sketches are brief, and life-like, with a little leaning towards caricature, but still they are not overdrawn; and though the pencil is cut to a fine point, it sketches with great vigour and breadth of effect, and the book will recal school scenes to many a youthful reader.

The Dovecote and the Aviary. By the Rev. E. S. Dixon, M.A. J. Murray, London.

Another charming work by the author of "Ornamental and Domestic Poultry." The pigeon-fancier will find this a most valuable manual; and those who keep a "few birds" can at once ascertain which are the most productive for the table, or ornamental for the farm. The author truly observes, that—"What zoology, in its subservience to the requirements of man, now wants, is a series of widely extended experiments; unknown zoological capabilities, and the results of untried zoological combinations are, at the present date, as little to be guessed at as were those of chemistry a hundred years ago." The experiments are commencing, and the writer is glad that he has been an instrument in exciting to their pursuit. The whole subject is just now of increasing interest—"The industrious student, and the unprejudiced discoverer may yet gather, not only *facts*, but *fame*." This is as true as it is well put; and while we admire the genial feeling of the naturalist, we reverence the patience and industry of the man of science. We hope the author will augment his chapters on the Aviary in the next edition, or render it the subject of another volume. What he has already written, makes us earnestly desire more.

The British Metropolis in 1851. Published by A. Hall, Virtue, & Co., London.

A work that should be in the hands of every visitor to London; and, indeed, it will be found practically useful even to the resident, supplying him with information of which he often stands in

need. The arrangement of the contents is excellent, and there is not the slightest object worthy of notice throughout the length and breadth of our huge metropolis and its environs to which full reference has not been made. The matter is divided into sections of objects, so to speak, wherein the antiquarian will find what he would wish to see, the artist what would most interest him, the lawyer, the man of letters and science, and others, what is congenial with their respective pursuits; and all what is of general interest. This mass of information extends over some three hundred pages in doubly columns closely printed, and several maps of particular divisions are furnished with it, to assist the stranger in his search. It is certainly the best "guide-book" that has come into our hands for a long time.

NATURAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BRITISH GRASSES. Edited by F. HANHAM. Published by BINNS & GOODWIN, Bath; WHITTAKER & Co., London.

Man in his search after the beautiful too often overlooks it; his eye is attracted by the gay and the brilliant, and passes beyond the lowly and modest of the works of creation as if unworthy of his notice; but there is not a leaf nor a flower growing in the most sequestered spot that is not entitled to hold a place in his regard:—

"Go forth to the woods, and tread the green dell,
For the Spirit of Beauty is there."——

We confess that a ramble in a meadow about the middle of the month of June, when the long and ripe grass with its hundred varied flowers is waving in the breeze and awaiting the mower's scythe, affords us as much gratification as a walk in the well-cultivated garden full of the richest and choicest productions which the skill of the gardener has reared. Nature is not the less to be admired because she has not the assistance of man to bring her fruits to perfection. Perhaps in no country of the earth do grasses grow in such luxuriance and beauty as in great Britain,—

"Rich queen of mists and vapours,"

which descend upon her hills and vallies, fertilising the lands and keeping them ever fresh and green. The idea of collecting these exquisitely graceful productions into a published volume, consisting of *the dried grasses themselves*, instead of engravings from them, is a novel and a happy one; no copies, however skilfully made, could do justice to their tender and delicate forms. This idea has been admirably carried out in a book which, we believe, owes its origin to a provincial publishing firm; and wherein we find upwards of sixty specimens of British grasses, laid down with the utmost care and with exceeding taste, presenting a work interesting to the botanist and the lover of nature, and a *field* where the artist and designer may study with undoubted advantage. The volume is one that must have entailed much cost in every way; we hope and believe it will repay the enterprise of the publishers. The specimens are accompanied by such botanical explanations as are necessary to instruct and interest; and by appropriate and judiciously selected extracts in prose and verse, from authors who have written upon the produce of the vegetable kingdoms, and their influence on mankind.

MODERN TOMBS: GLEANED FROM THE PUBLIC CEMETERIES OF LONDON. Measured, drawn, and etched, by A. W. HAKEWILL. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Some months since we made a few observations on the appearance of a portion of this work; it is now complete, and it is but justice to the author to commend it to public notice. The subject is an important one, more so than it seems to be, as regards the arts of the country. Other nations have thought it worthy of due consideration, and it is quite time we followed their example, that our public cemeteries may no longer be a reproach to us, and that we may have the credit of paying just and honourable tributes to the memory of the dead, no less than we are accustomed to do to the virtues of the living.

HORÆ ÆGYPTIACÆ, or the Chronology of Ancient Egypt, by R. S. POOLE. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

This is a work exclusively constructed for the student of Egyptian chronology; a subject beset with difficulties of no ordinary kind, but which have been diminished considerably in the work before us, and consequently it will be favourably received by the class to whom it is directed. It is not a volume got up hastily, but is the result of studies and researches made in Egypt and elsewhere, during the last few years; and an extensive comparison of the monuments of this wonderful nation of antiquity. The only fault we should note in the book, is too great a reliance on one Egyptian scholar—Sir Gardner Wilkinson—to the exclusion of all others, whose works the author declares he has "avoided examining," adding very complacently:—"Since all differ, it is little more to differ from all others than to differ from all of them but one;" a mode of argument much more satisfactory to our author, than we believe it will be to his readers, or than we feel it to be to ourselves. We, however, give him full credit for the honesty of his investigations; he tells his tale simply and carefully, and asserts that his conclusions are in some instances as unexpected to him as they may be to others. He has certainly evidenced much learning and research in a very perplexing and difficult subject. The Sothic cycle, and the tropical year, with other abstruse questions of time, have much light thrown on them; so also, the history of the first nineteen dynasties, illustrated from the monuments and engravings given of the names of the kings. There are altogether many curious facts elicited by the author, who appears to have brought many solid, as well as accidental, qualifications for the task; and the book is one worthy of attentive perusal by all who make the subject their study, some of whom may still feel bound to differ with our author.

THE "LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN." By JOHN HICKLIN. Published by T. CATHERALL, Chester.

The very curious tale of "The Ladies" who gave some celebrity to Llangollen is here told in the words of the various visitors to their cottage "Plas Newydd," in "the sweetest of vales." Lady Charlotte Butler and Miss Ponsonby were early in life devoted to each other; and, having determined to consecrate their days to mutual friendship and strict celibacy, peremptorily refused all offers of marriage, escaped the coaxing or coercion of friends, and lived to a good old age in uninterrupted communion. They were of eccentric habits and appearance, always dressing in riding habits, which gave them the look of "two respectable superannuated old clergymen," according to Charles Mathews, who declared "they had not one point to distinguish them from men," and speaks of them "as the dear old gentlemen called Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby." The quotations given by Mr. Hicklin from the various *celebrités* British and foreign, who visited and described them are very amusing; and the volume altogether is a curious record of their peculiarities, and executed in a manner which does much credit to author and publisher.

INSTRUCTION FOR CLEANING, REPAIRING, &c., OIL-PAINTINGS, WITH REMARKS ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF WORKS OF ART IN HOUSES AND GALLERIES, &c., &c. By HENRY MOGFORD. Published by WINSOR & NEWTON, London.

The fact of this little work having reached a third edition, is sufficient evidence of the favour with which it has been received. We need, therefore, only repeat the remarks we made on its first appearance, and say, that none who are so fortunate as to possess pictures should be without it, as a book which will materially assist them in the care and management of their treasures. The author's advice is founded on long practical experience.

THE ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. Edited by D. WELLS and G. BLISS. Published by GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, U.S.

This is the second annual volume published in America as a general record of the scientific movements of the year in the old world, as well as in the new. It is a good and useful digest which leads us to acquiesce in the opinion of its editors that, though the past year has not been productive of any pre-eminently brilliant discovery, yet quite as much has been added to the account of human knowledge as during almost any previous year. The most gratifying part of the volume, to ourselves, is the record of American zeal in the paths of science; it is pleasant to note this great and powerful country, awakening to a sense of its right position, mentally, as well as physically, and running a friendly race in the fields of knowledge, with their brethren of the old world.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF CONWAY; from Drawings by G. PICKERING. Published by T. CATHERALL, Chester.

The curious and beautiful old town of Conway has some of its chief features worthily perpetuated in this beautiful volume; the drawings are by a Chester artist of deserved reputation, and have been beautifully put upon stone by Mr. Hawkins. For antiquarian interest and picturesque beauty we know of no place more fascinating; and the work before us is a *souvenir* which will be gladly welcomed by all who have visited it.

THE CHRONICLE OF BATTLE ABBEY. Edited by M. A. LOWER. Published by J. R. SMITH, London.

This important narrative, ranging from A.D. 1066 to 1176, and comprising the history of one of our most interesting monastic establishments, is another of those contributions to our historic literature that will be welcomed by many. It presents a curious picture of the trials and troubles which beset the foundation, owing to ecclesiastical rivalries and jealousies, as well as a curious picture of manners in England under the Conqueror. Mr. Lower has done his part with his usual good taste.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS; illuminated in chromolithography. Published by STANDIDGE, & Co., London.

The Art of the illuminator in the old time was chiefly directed to the embellishments of sacred writ; most fitting therefore is it that modern Art should be wedded to that which is "not for a day, but for ever." The commandments are so disposed in the present instance as to fill two large folio sheets, and are decorated with ornament of a very beautiful and tasteful order, after the fashion of the 15th century; the lettering being the old "church text." The large initials contain pictured scenes from the life of the Saviour, bearing reference to each commandment. The design, we understand to be by the Rev. W. Calvert of St. Paul's—the way in which it has been carried out and perfected by Messrs. Standidge cannot fail to enhance their well-earned reputation for works of this class.

GOD: A POEM. By DERZHAVIN. A Caligraphic Edition. By JOHN CRAIK, Dumfries.

Our business is not with the lines of the Russian poet, but with the caligraphic display of Mr. Craik, which is certainly most ingenious and clever. Scotland has been famed for skilful penmen; and the mantle of the late Mr. Paton, father of the celebrated *cantatrice*, seems to have fallen on Mr. Craik, who undoubtedly asserts his claim to being a first-rate caligraphist. His work is a beautiful specimen of his art.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MUSIC: By M. H. Published by J. A. NOVELLO, London.

We do not attempt to review musical works or music, but this little book is of such actual value to the "Amateur Pianist," that we cannot withhold our good word—to express a desire that it may find a place wherever there is an earnest endeavour to cultivate music *intellectually*, and after the highest models. It holds up, to be avoided, the "drum and rattle" school of noise and physical strength, and advocates expression and musical eloquence in their most comprehensive sense; it pleads for taste and feeling, and concludes with a slight historical sketch of music, which cannot fail to be interesting to all by whom it is loved and honoured.

A MANUAL OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY. By JAMES NAPIER, F.C.S. Published by J. J. GRIFFIN & Co., London.

From the experience which Mr. Napier has had, in the practice of the electrotype, few men are better qualified to write a treatise on the Art. He has produced a book in which every manipulatory detail is very clearly described. With this book at hand we do not think it would be possible for any one to fail in obtaining satisfactory results. The utility of the electrotype has almost removed it from the circle of science, and placed it in that of manufacture. This publication forms one of the new issue of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, which valuable work passed into the hands of the Messrs. Griffin by purchase a few years since. The determination to republish this voluminous work in octavo volumes, each volume being devoted to a separate subject, and in every instance either revised by the author, or by some one equally conversant with the subject, deserves the utmost success. The progress of science has demanded the introduction of several new articles;—Electrotype is one of these—those already announced are in the hands of the most qualified persons, and if as well executed as Mr. Napier's Electro-metallurgy, this section of the Encyclopædia will form a very important standard library of science.